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MAR.-APRIL, No. 22

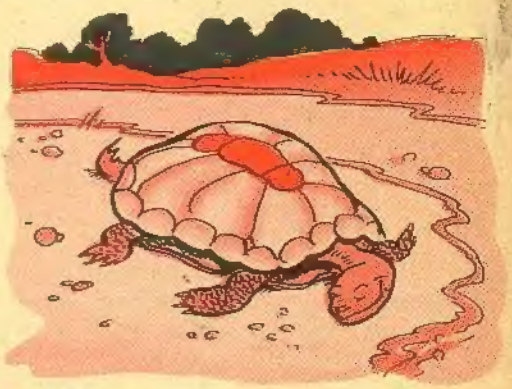
Our Gang COMICS

FISHY BUSINESS

Copr., 1946, by Oskar Lebeck

The sun felt good on Tommy Terrapin's back. Squatting in the mud at the edge of the creek, he stretched his neck and legs as far out of his shell as they would go. His small spiky tail swished in the warm water.

From the bank above him a sudden shadow fell. It was followed by two sharp-clawed forepaws that landed hard on Tommy's back.



"Ha!" cried Crimp the Coyote. "Fresh terrapin for lunch! With a little water-cress for greens, you won't make bad eating . . Say! Where did your head and feet go to?"

"Guessssssss!" hissed Tommy Terrapin, squeezing himself smaller inside his shell.

Crimp the Coyote grinned hungrily. He picked Tommy up in both paws.

"I didn't bring a can opener," he said, "but there's another way. I'll climb that slanting tree and drop you on the rocks. That'll split you wide open—"

"Stop!" squeaked Tommy, now really frightened. "Put me down, and I'll tell you how to catch all the fish you can eat in a week. I was just starting to fish when you came along."

"Mmmmmm!" said Crimp the Coyote, licking his lips. "I like fish, but you wouldn't fool me, would you? Where's your hook and line?"

"Don't need any," replied Tommy Terrapin. "All I do is to hang my tail in the water, and pretty soon along comes a fish and bites it. I give a quick jerk, and—WHOP! Mr. Fish is landed. Want to see me do it?"

"I do!" said Crimp, putting Tommy down by the water. "But I'm going to keep hold of you—just to make sure you're not telling me lies."

Now, Tommy Terrapin's tail, hanging in the water, looked exactly like a worm. It was only a minute or two before a little fish swam up and grabbed it. Tommy jerked, and WHAP! Mr. Fish lay flopping on the bank.

"Yippee!" yelped Crimp the Coyote, pouncing upon it with both forepaws. "With a fine, bushy tail like mine, I'll catch a bushel of fish in no time."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Tommy Terrapin, swimming just out of reach. "YOUR tail won't catch anything unless you shave it. Any poor fish knows better than to bite into a FUR TREE!"

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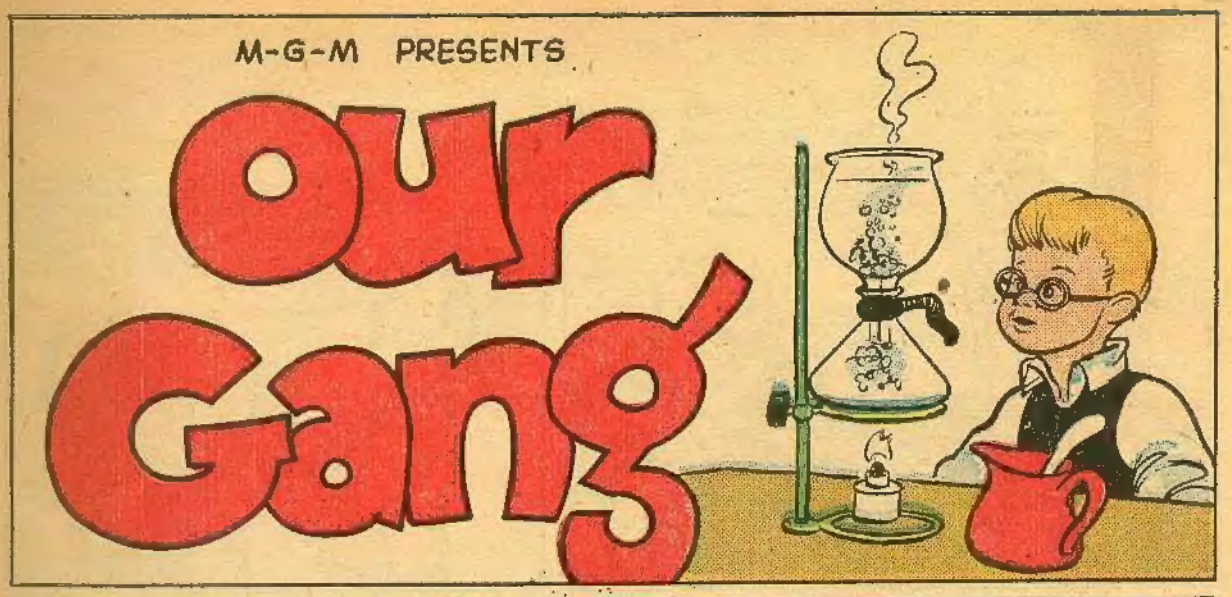
M-G-M PRESENTS

Our Gang



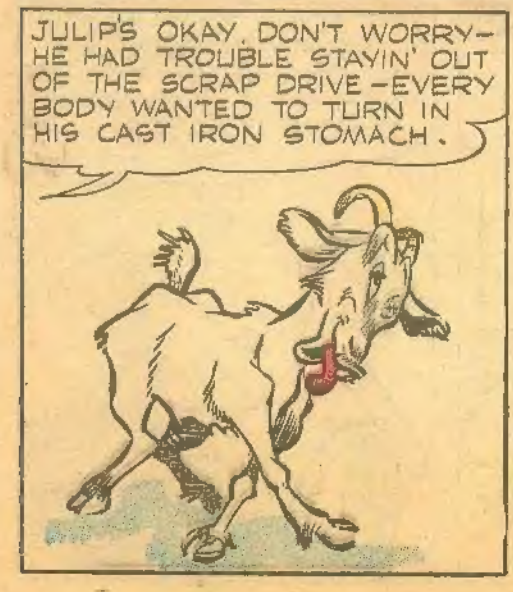
I DON'T BLAME THE GOVERNMENT FOR KEEPIN' IT A SECRET
NAW—I MEAN IT'S A FEDERAL OFFENSE TO REVEAL WHAT IT'S FOR.

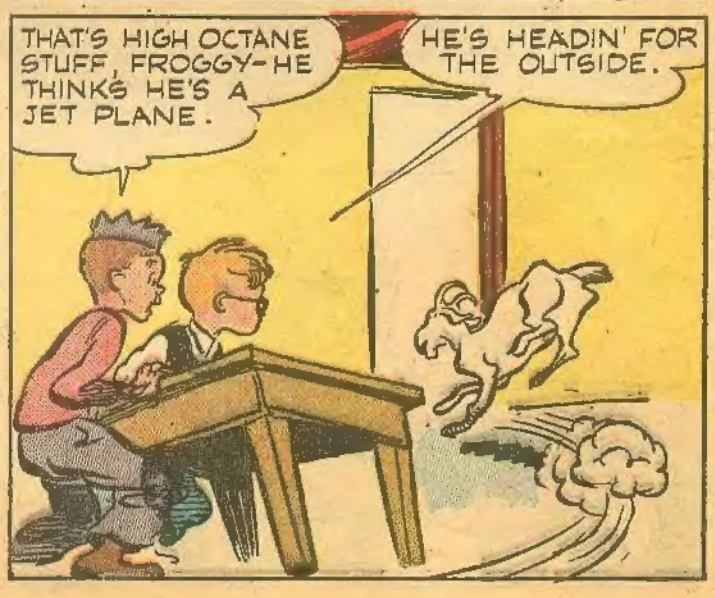
HAW, HAW—WHAT GOVERNMENT ARE YOU WORKIN' FOR—THE ROYAL KINGDOM OF NORTH BOUNDBUSSES ?
LAUGH, DUNCE, BUT THIS BUCKET OF MY FORMULA IS WORTH A COOL TWENTY GRAND.

WELL, THEY'RE GONNA KEEP THAT DOUGH ON ICE FOR YOU A LONG TIME, DOC—THE GOAT JUST DRANK THE LAST OF THAT COOL BUCKETFUL

GOOD GOSH—
—THAT MIGHT KILL HIM OR—OR DO SOMETHING REAL TERRIBLE TO HIM.

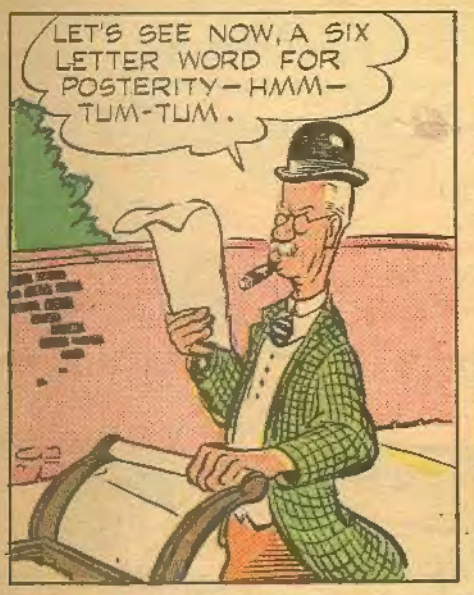
MAYBE IT'LL JUST KILL HIM—MAYBE IT WON'T DO ANYTHING REAL TERRIBLE TO HIM.


JULIP'S OKAY, DON'T WORRY—HE HAD TROUBLE STAYIN' OUT OF THE SCRAP DRIVE—EVERY BODY WANTED TO TURN IN HIS CAST IRON STOMACH.


THAT'S HIGH OCTANE STUFF, FROGGY—HE THINKS HE'S A JET PLANE.
HE'S HEADIN' FOR THE OUTSIDE.

WE'VE GOT TO CATCH HIM ! HE MIGHT EXPLODE-THERE'S NO TELLIN' WHAT WILL HAPPEN.
WHAT WAS IN THE MIXTURE ?

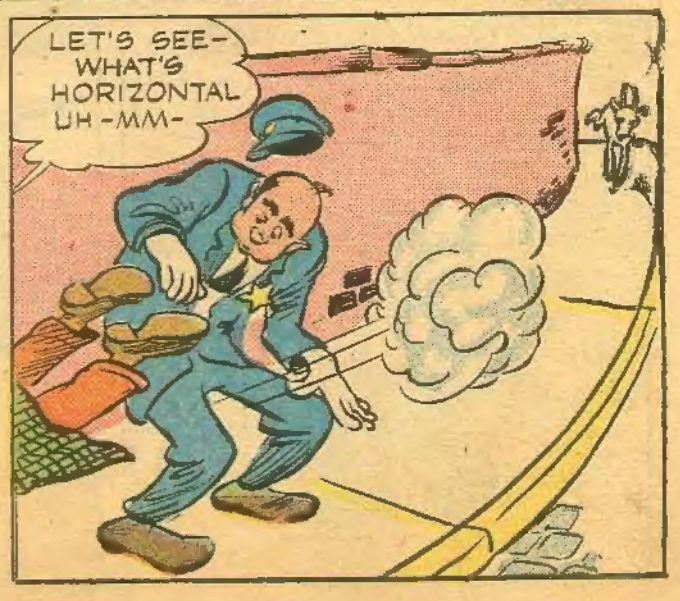
I MIXED AN AWFUL LOT OF JUNK INTO THAT SECRET SOLUTION- GASOLINE, CHOCOLATE SYRUP, RED PEPPER, TABASCO SAUCE, RUBBING ALCOHOL.
HE'S A WALKING BOMB!

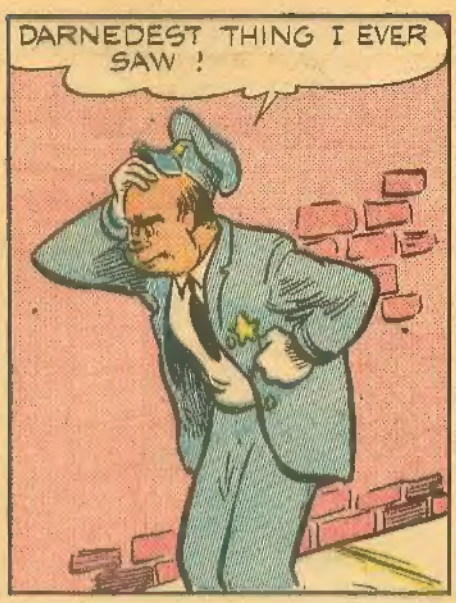

LET'S SEE NOW, A SIX LETTER WORD FOR POSTERITY-HMM-TUM-TUM.

HOW ABOUT CHILDREN- LET'S SEE HOW MANY LETTERS--UH-

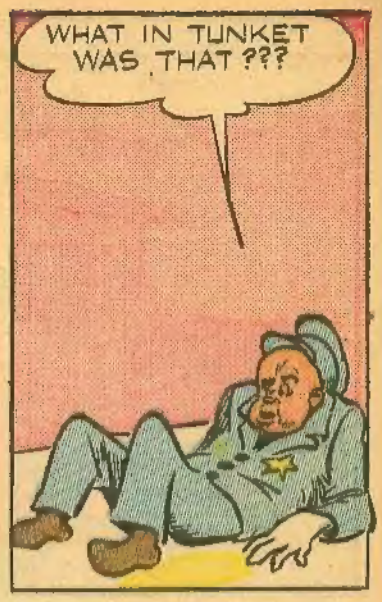
NO THAT'S TOO MANY- EIGHT LETTERS-

WELL-HOW ABOUT OFFSPRING NOPE-UH-HUMANITY-NO-NO-WAY OFF-UH GADFRY THAT'S A STICKER.

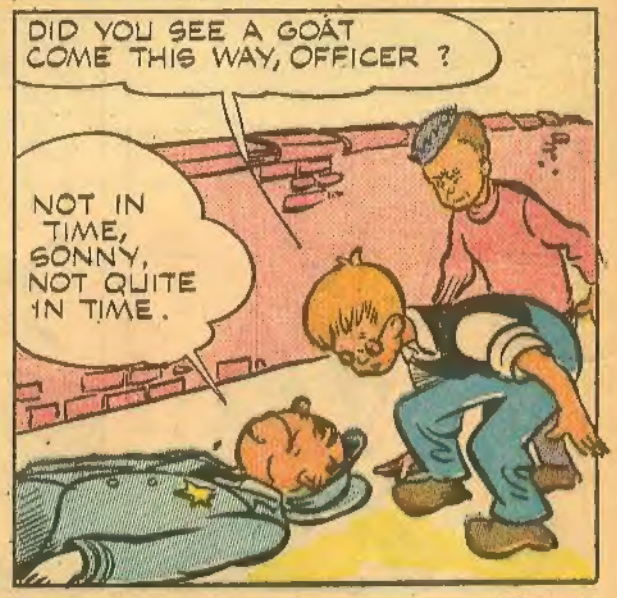

LET'S SEE- WHAT'S HORIZONTAL UH-MM-

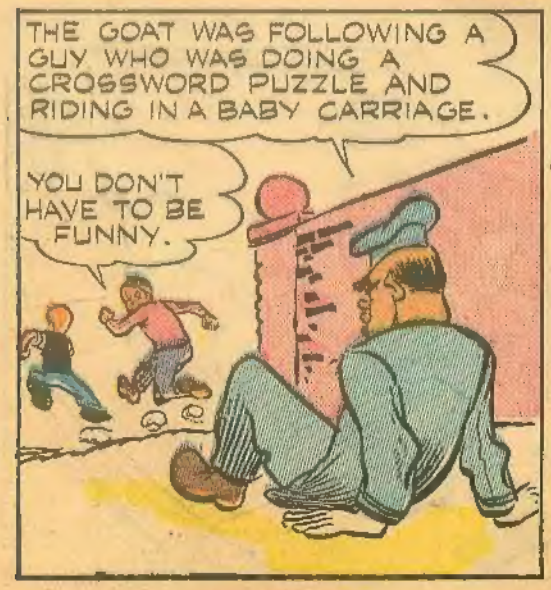

DARNEDEST THING I EVER SAW !

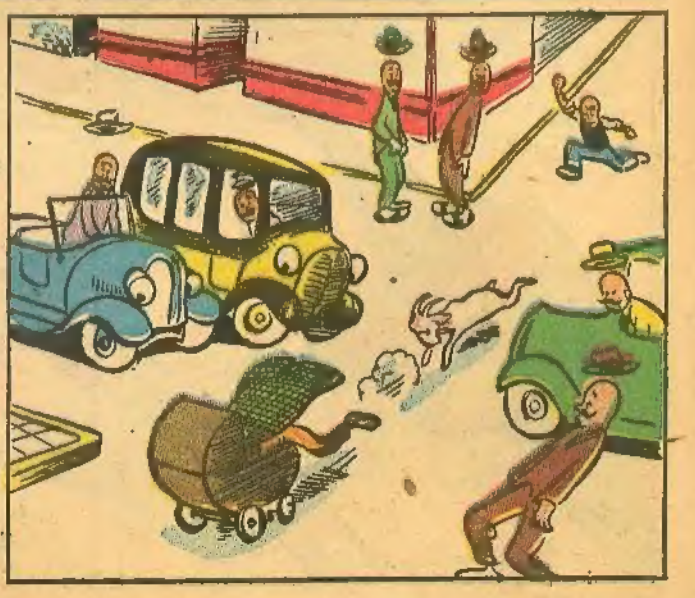
WHOP!

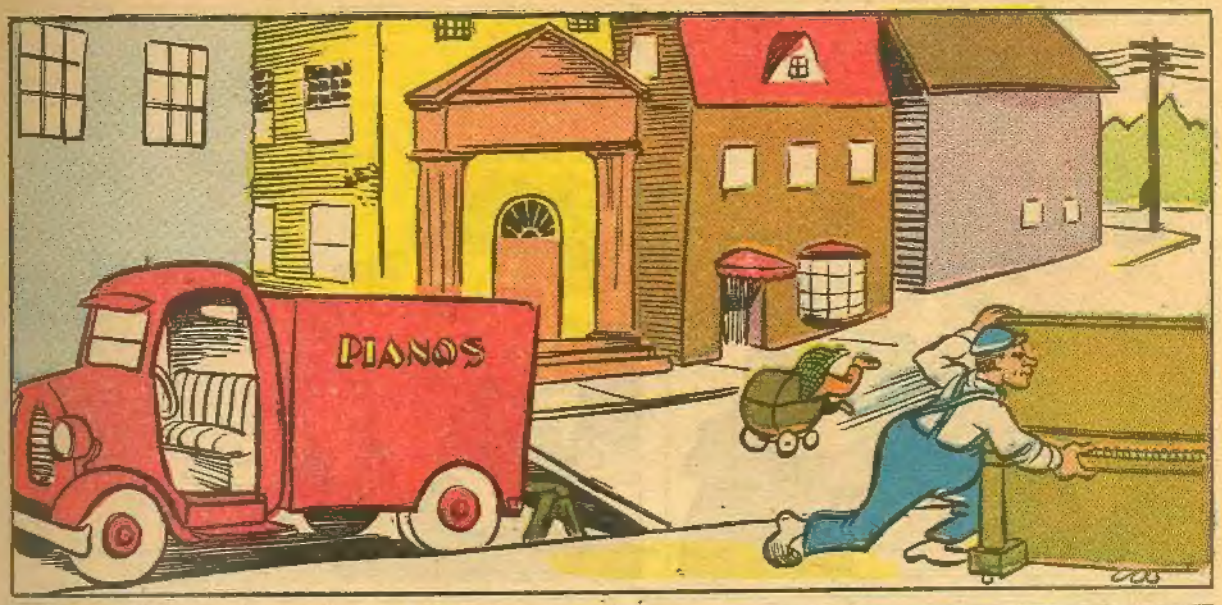

WHAT IN TUNKET WAS THAT ???

GOLLY MOE ! THERE'S A COP LYING ON THE SIDEWALK, MAYBE JULIP HIT HIM.
MAYBE HE'S TIRED.


DID YOU SEE A GOAT COME THIS WAY, OFFICER ?
NOT IN TIME, SONNY, NOT QUITE IN TIME.


THE GOAT WAS FOLLOWING A GUY WHO WAS DOING A CROSSWORD PUZZLE AND RIDING IN A BABY CARRIAGE.
YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE FUNNY.



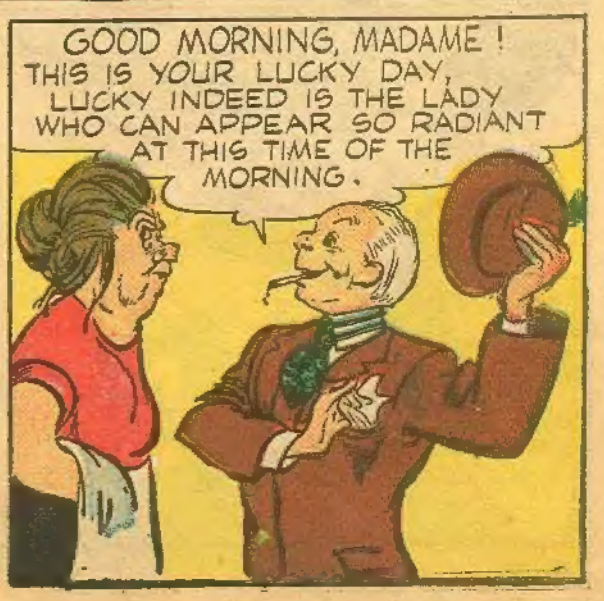

PIANOS

GOOD ! I GOT IT !
PIANOS

I GOT IT !

VOUS AVEZ QUELQUE CHOSE, C'EST V'RAI-SOUS LE CHAPEAU M'SIEU.
BALDERDASH

THIS PLACE LOOKS LIKE A LIKELY PROSPECT.

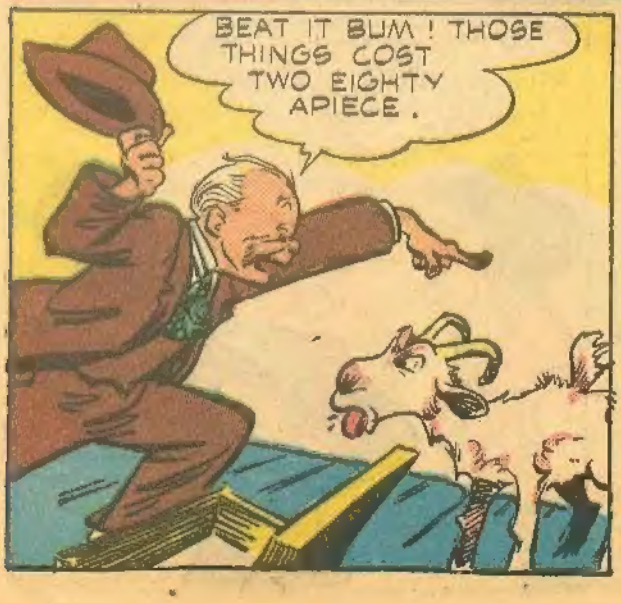

GOOD MORNING, MADAME ! THIS IS YOUR LUCKY DAY, LUCKY INDEED IS THE LADY WHO CAN APPEAR SO RADIANT AT THIS TIME OF THE MORNING.

AW, YOU GO ALONG WID YOU
YOU CAN'T FOOL ME, AND A RADIANT WOMAN LIKE YOU MUST LOOK LOVELY 24 HOURS A DAY.

TELL ME, HONESTLY, DID YOU EVER SEE ANYTHING MORE DAZZLING - OUTSIDE OF YOUR OWN BLINDING REFLECTION IN A MIRROR? -- THIS IS A BROUCH - - A GENUINE SIXTEEN GRANITE BROUCH WITH A BUILT IN RADIO, MIND YOU.

IT GETS ALL LOCAL STATIONS AND WAS DESIGNED TO ACCOMPANY THE BUSY LITTLE HOUSEWIFE THROUGHOUT THE DAY --
IS THIS THING GOOD TO EAT, DOC?

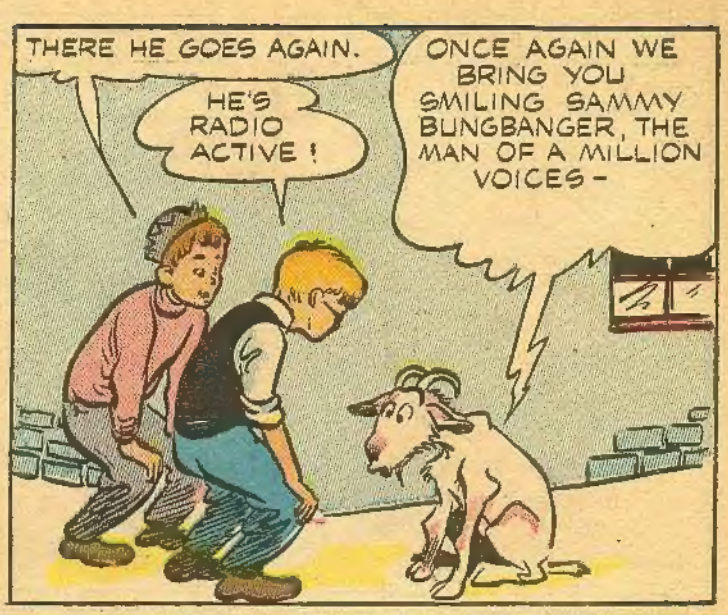
LADY, THAT PARTICULAR TYPE OF QUESTION HAS HITHERTO NEVER ARISEN.
YA BETTER CONSIDER IT, ME BUCKO, BECAUSE THAT GOAT IS EATIN' A HALF A DOZEN OF THESE BRITCHES RIGHT NOW.


BEAT IT BUM! THOSE THINGS COST TWO EIGHTY APIECE.

THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA - I NEVER THOUGHT OF SAYING THOSE THINGS WERE EDIFYING, EDIBLE, AND EDUCATIONAL, CHUCK FULL OF VITAMINS AND FOOD FOR MAN OR BEAST - BUT I DON'T GET MANY GOATS FOR CUSTOMERS.

GOOD MORNING, FOLKS, THE TEN THIRTY NEWS IS ON THE AIR!
THE CENTER OF TOWN WAS THROWN INTO AN UPROAR THIS MORNING.
WHEN A GOAT GAVE CHASE TO SEVERAL PEOPLE INCLUDING A POLICEMAN.
THE GOAT, A RATHER STUPID LOOKING ANIMAL, WAS THOUGHT TO BE DERANGED.
THE POLICEMAN, OFFICER MC GOOGERTY, WAS BADLY BRUISED, AND THE GOAT HAS SINCE DISAPPEARED.
SQUAD CARS ARE NOW LOOKING FOR THE CULPRIT -- THOUGHT TO BE HIDING IN THE AREA!
JULIP! THERE YOU ARE! WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOIN'?
YEAH, SPEAK UP, GOAT - FROGGIE'S BEEN WORRYING!
HAVE YOU EATEN POPSY-PEPSO LATELY-? IT'S GOT A NEW CRUNCHABLE GOODNESS- WHEN YOU EAT IT YOU'LL SAY "GOODNESS! IT'S CRUNCHABLE!"

DO MY EARS DECEIVE ME OR IS THIS CHARACTER MAKIN' WITH COMMERCIALS ?
HE'S NOT ON SUSTAINING, THAT'S SURE.

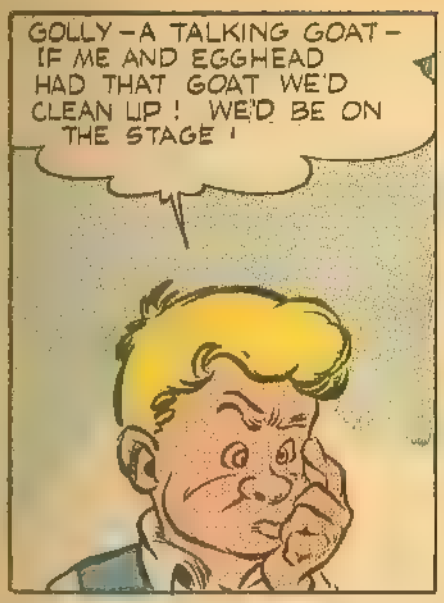

THERE HE GOES AGAIN.
HE'S RADIO ACTIVE !
ONCE AGAIN WE BRING YOU SMILING SAMMY BUNGBANGER, THE MAN OF A MILLION VOICES -

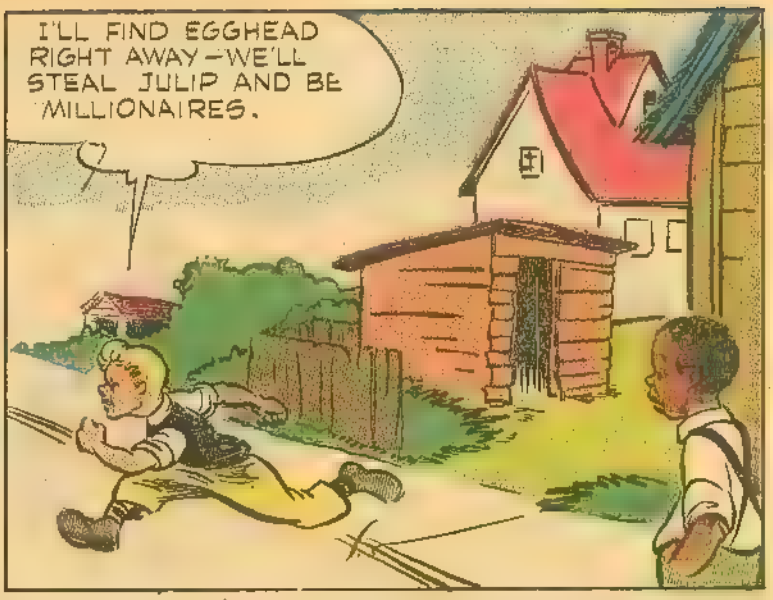
WE'RE GLAD WE'RE HERE, WE GREETCHA WITH A CHEER, WE'RE AWFUL, AWFUL GLAD TO SAY HELLO. ♫
WE'LL MAKE A MILLION DOLLARS OUT OF JULIP.
IF WE DON'T GO CRAZY LISTENING TO THE CORN HE TUNES IN.

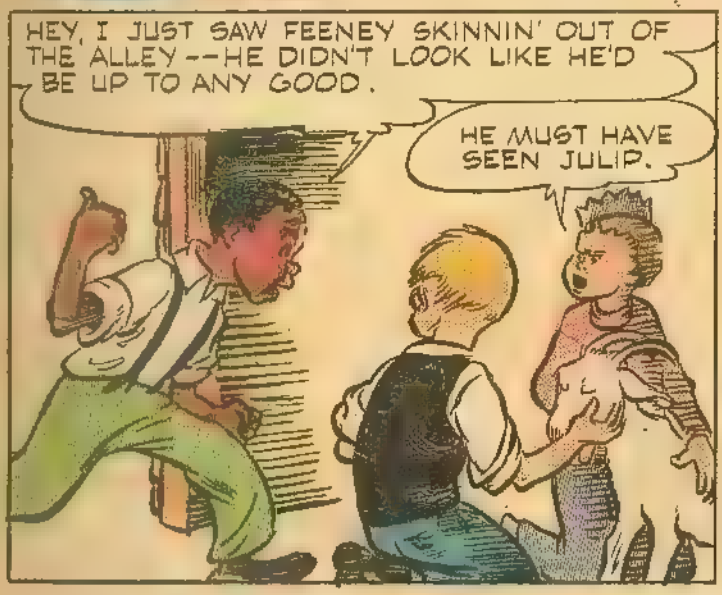
THAT STUFF HE DRANK DID IT-- I'LL MAKE ANOTHER MILLION OUT OF THAT.
IF YOU TINKS MY GRAMMAR'S BAD, YOUGHTA SEE GRAMPA. HY UK, YUK, YUK !

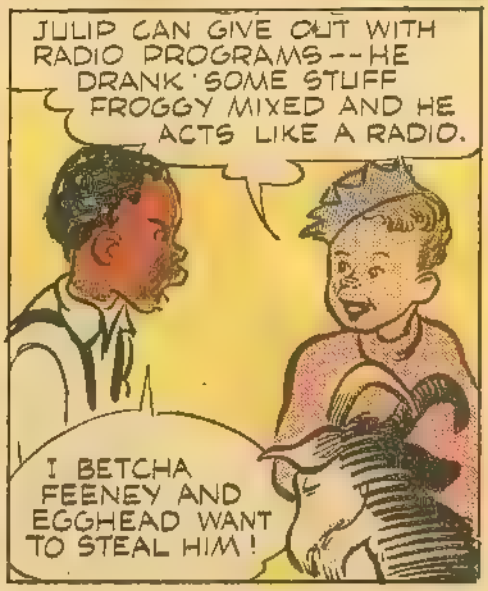
ASKED GRAMPA TO SPELL RECIPROCATING ENGINE, HE SAID HE COULD ONLY HIT ON FOUR SYLLABLES HYUK, HYUK.

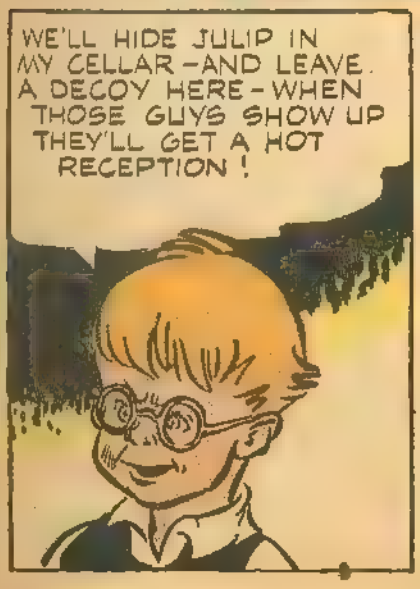
GOSH, THAT GOAT IS TALKING!
HAD A GOOD GAG ON MY WIFE YESTIDDY- WOULD HAVE TOLD IT - BUT I LEFT IT ON HER - HYUK HYUK, HYUK.

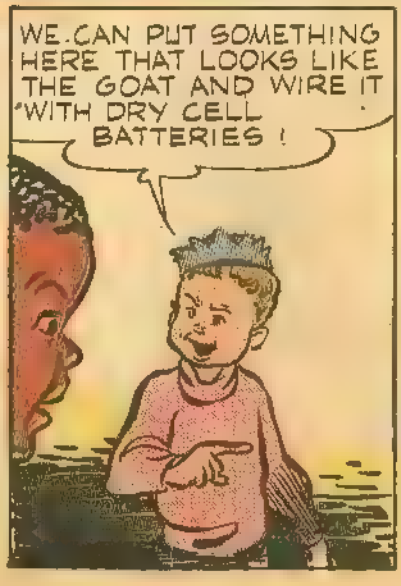

GOLLY—A TALKING GOAT—IF ME AND EGGHEAD HAD THAT GOAT WE'D CLEAN UP! WE'D BE ON THE STAGE!

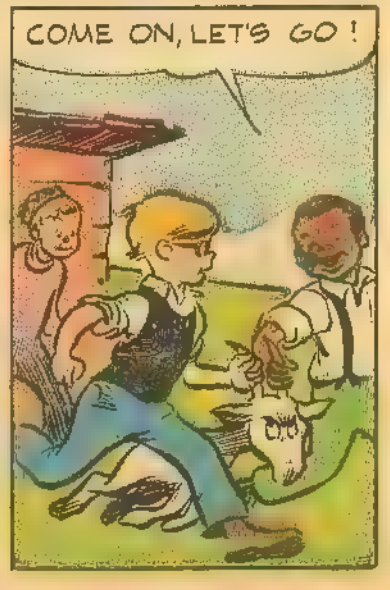

I'LL FIND EGGHEAD RIGHT AWAY—WE'LL STEAL JULIP AND BE MILLIONAIRES.


HEY, I JUST SAW FEENEY SKINNIN' OUT OF THE ALLEY--HE DIDN'T LOOK LIKE HE'D BE UP TO ANY GOOD.
HE MUST HAVE SEEN JULIP.

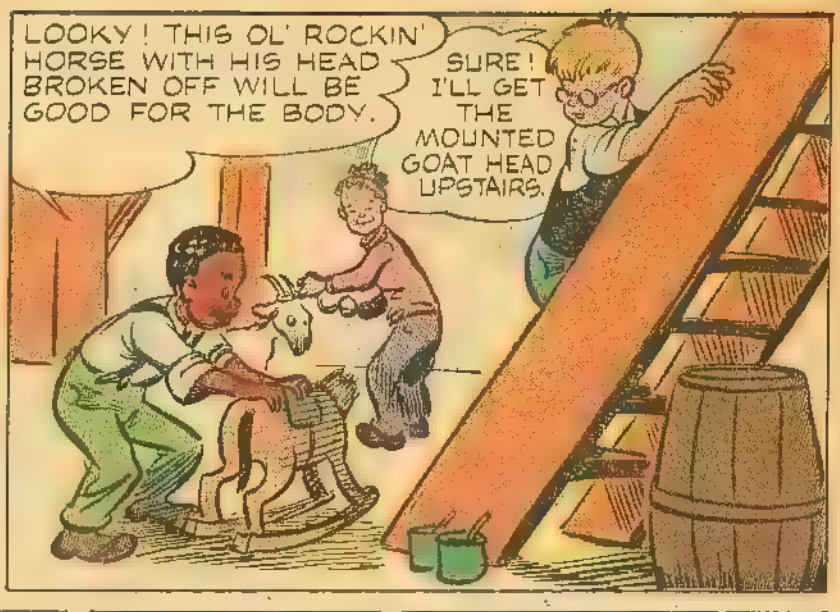

JULIP CAN GIVE OUT WITH RADIO PROGRAMS--HE DRANK SOME STUFF FROGGY MIXED AND HE ACTS LIKE A RADIO.
I BETCHA FEENEY AND EGGHEAD WANT TO STEAL HIM!

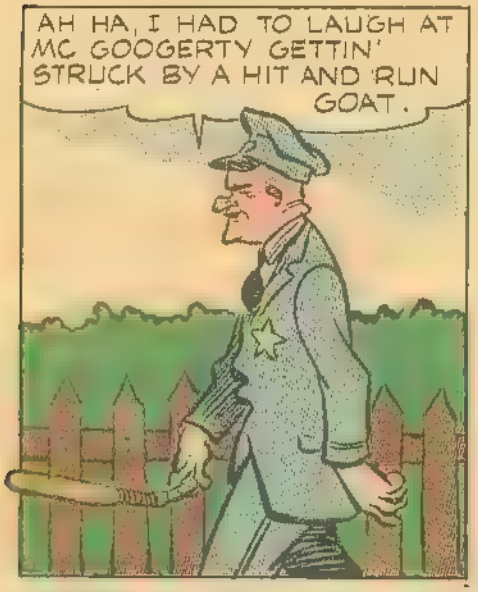

WE'LL HIDE JULIP IN MY CELLAR—AND LEAVE A DECOY HERE—WHEN THOSE GUYS SHOW UP THEY'LL GET A HOT RECEPTION!


WE CAN PUT SOMETHING HERE THAT LOOKS LIKE THE GOAT AND WIRE IT WITH DRY CELL BATTERIES!

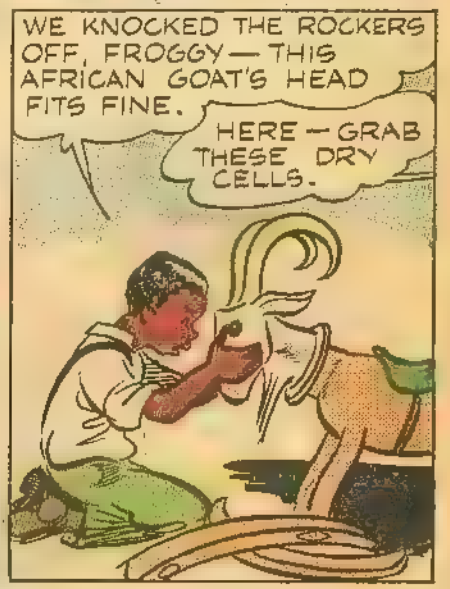

COME ON, LET'S GO!

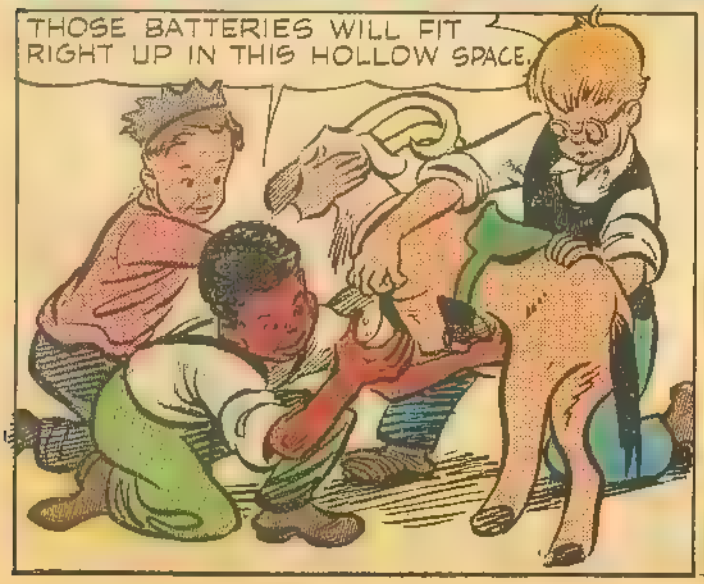
WE CAN MAKE A DUMMY GOAT USIN' A MOUNTED HEAD MY FATHER'S GOT IN HIS DEN.

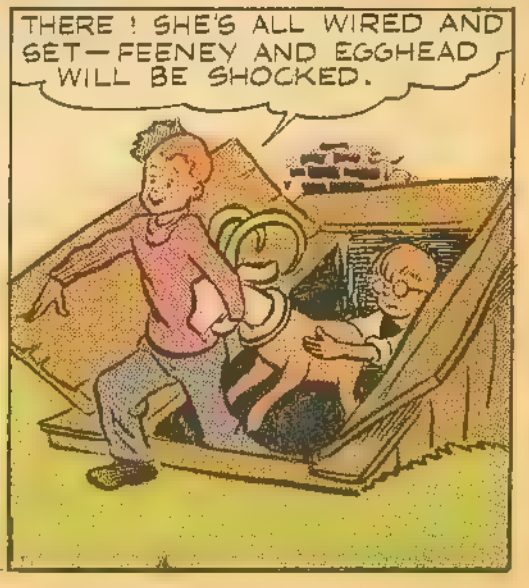

LOOKY! THIS OL' ROCKIN' HORSE WITH HIS HEAD BROKEN OFF WILL BE GOOD FOR THE BODY.
SURE! I'LL GET THE MOUNTED GOAT HEAD UPSTAIRS.


AH HA, I HAD TO LAUGH AT MC GOOGERTY GETTIN' STRUCK BY A HIT AND RUN GOAT.

AND HE'S WILLIN' TO SPEND FIVE BUCKS FER A REWARD. SEEMS I SAW A GOAT IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD.

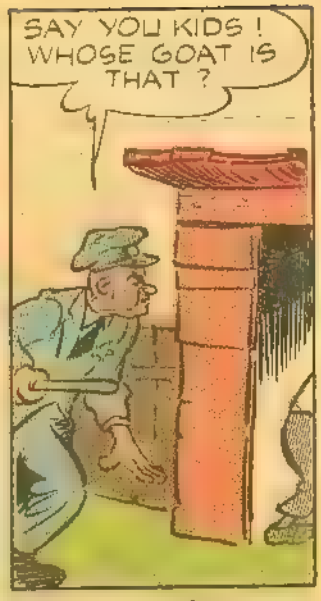

WE KNOCKED THE ROCKERS OFF, FROGGY — THIS AFRICAN GOAT'S HEAD FITS FINE.
HERE — GRAB THESE DRY CELLS.


THOSE BATTERIES WILL FIT RIGHT UP IN THIS HOLLOW SPACE.

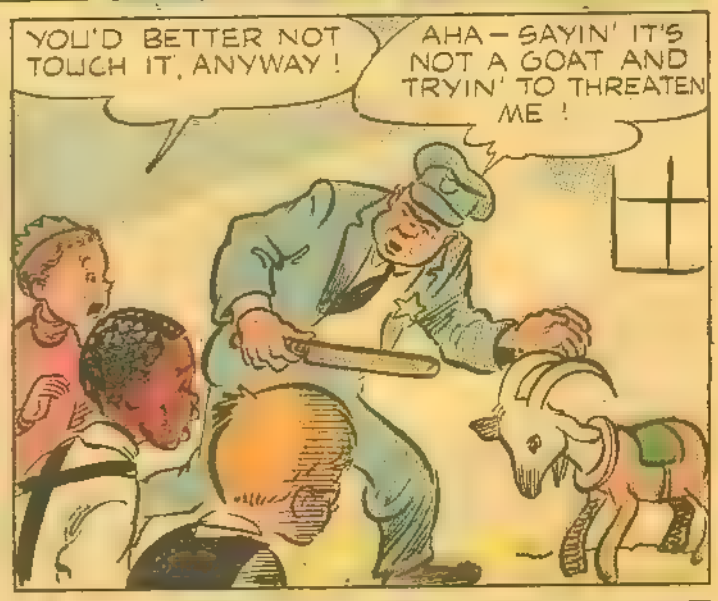

THERE! SHE'S ALL WIRED AND SET — FEENEY AND EGGHEAD WILL BE SHOCKED.

COME ON, THE COAST IS CLEAR.

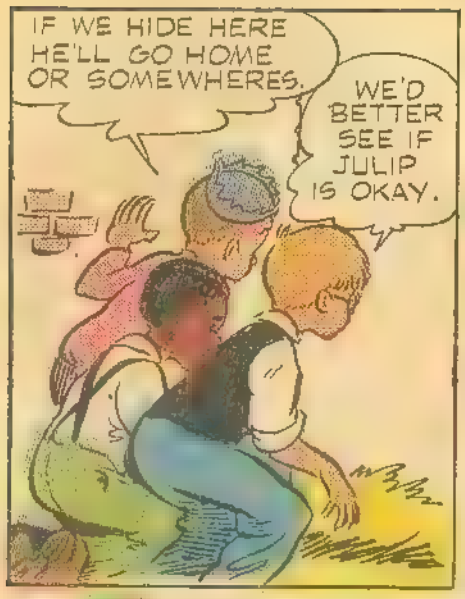
WHY THOSE KIDS ARE HIDIN' A GOAT IN THAT SHACK !

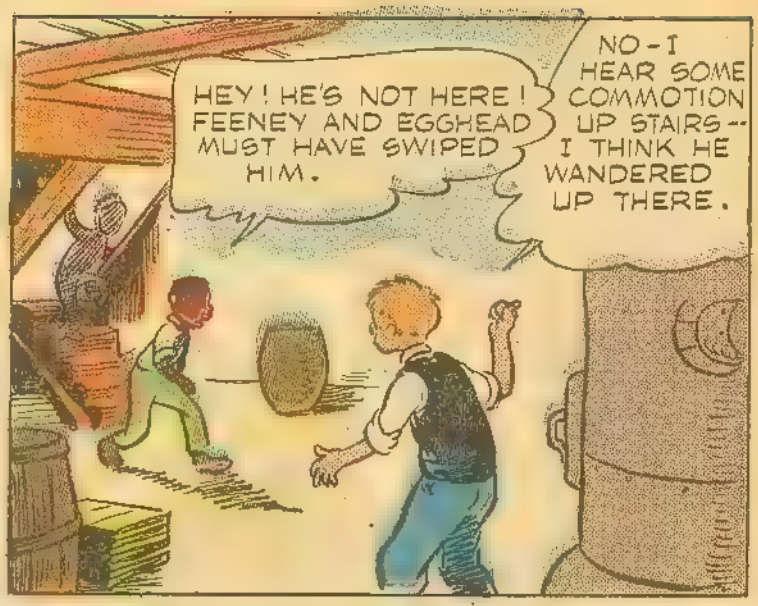

SAY YOU KIDS ! WHOSE GOAT IS THAT ?

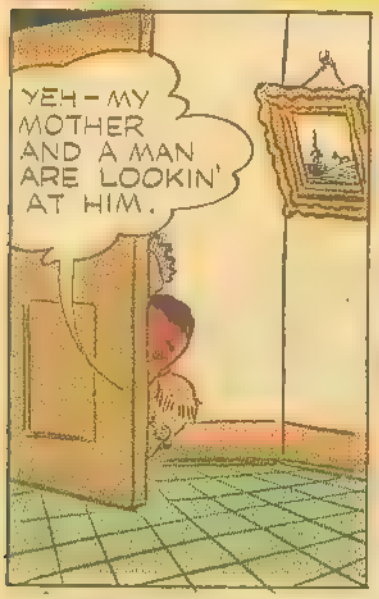
IT'S NOT A GOAT, OFFICER !
NOT A GOAT ! ARE YA TRINA BE FUNNY ?


YOU'D BETTER NOT TOUCH IT, ANYWAY !
AHA — SAYIN' IT'S NOT A GOAT AND TRYIN' TO THREATEN ME !

LET'S GO ! THIS IS NO TIME FOR EXPLANATIONS !
YES MAM !

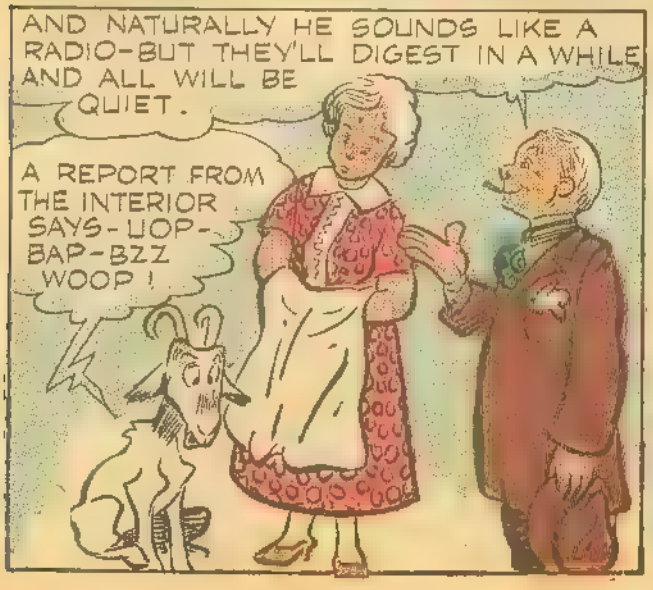

IF WE HIDE HERE HE'LL GO HOME OR SOMEWHERES.
WE'D BETTER SEE IF JULIP IS OKAY.

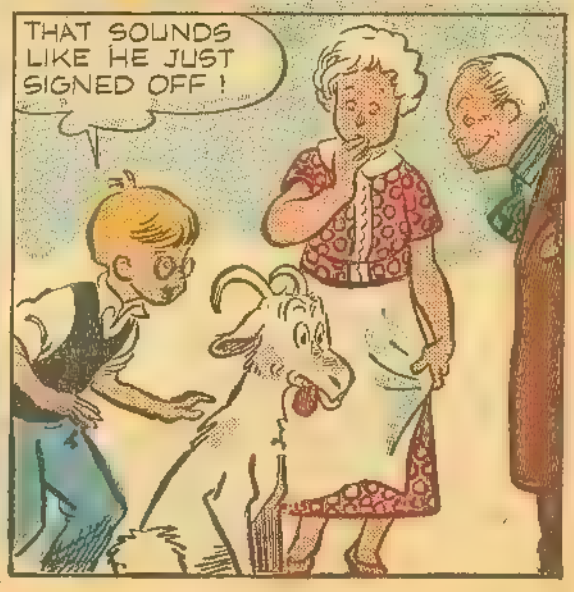

HEY! HE'S NOT HERE! FEENEY AND EGGHEAD MUST HAVE SWIPED HIM.
NO-I HEAR SOME COMMOTION UP STAIRS-- I THINK HE WANDERED UP THERE.

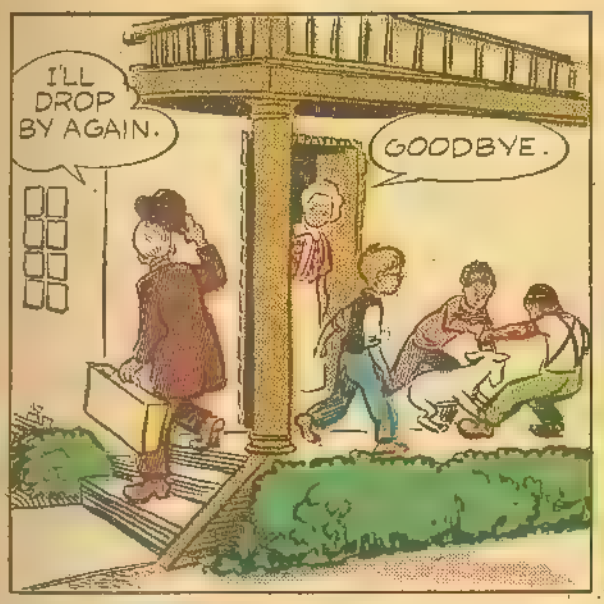

YEH-MY MOTHER AND A MAN ARE LOOKIN' AT HIM.

HE SOUNDS JUST LIKE A RADIO!
THAT'S THE VERY GOAT THAT ATE MY MERCHANDISE.

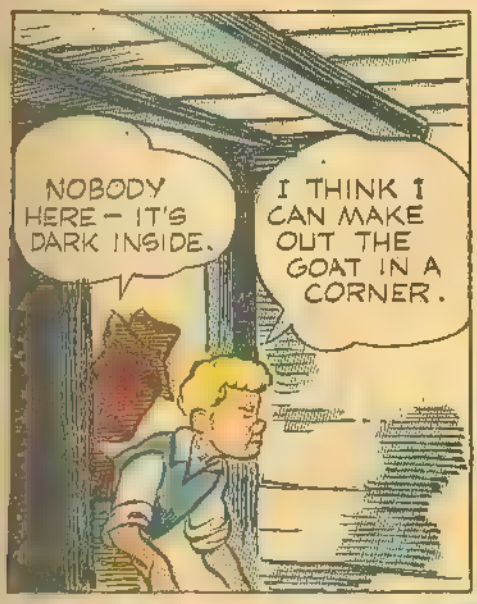
YOU SEE I WAS SELLING THESE RADIO BROUCHES ACROSS TOWN THIS A.M. WHEN THIS GOAT STUCK HIS HEAD INTO MY BAG AND ATE ALL MY STOCK.

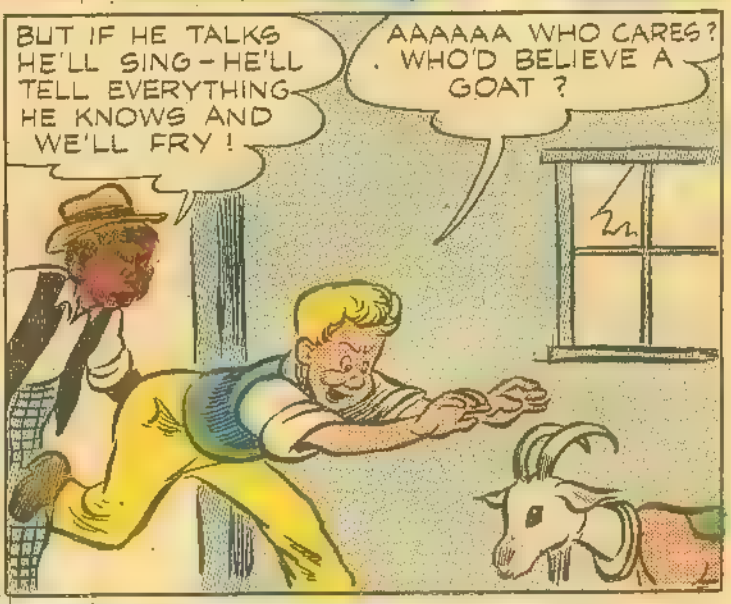

AND NATURALLY HE SOUNDS LIKE A RADIO-BUT THEY'LL DIGEST IN A WHILE AND ALL WILL BE QUIET.
A REPORT FROM THE INTERIOR SAYS-UOP-BAP-BZZ WOOP!


THAT SOUNDS LIKE HE JUST SIGNED OFF!

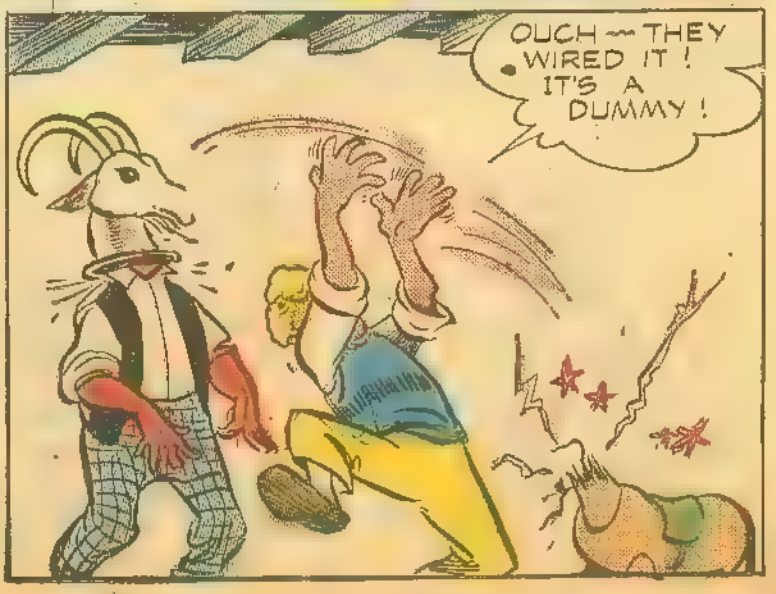

I'LL DROP BY AGAIN.
GOODBYE.

LOOKY! FEENEY AND EGGHEAD ARE AFTER THE FAKE GOAT.

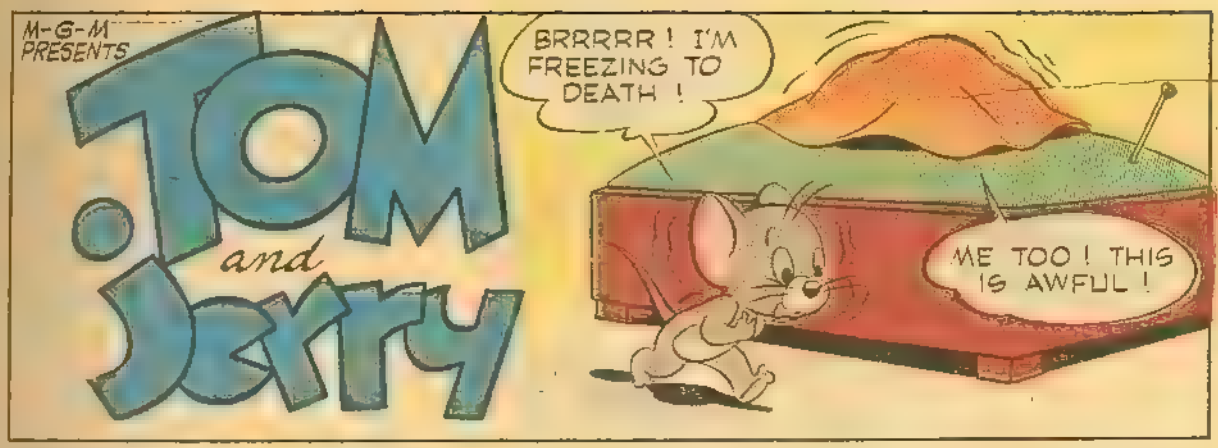

NOBODY HERE – IT'S DARK INSIDE.
I THINK I CAN MAKE OUT THE GOAT IN A CORNER.

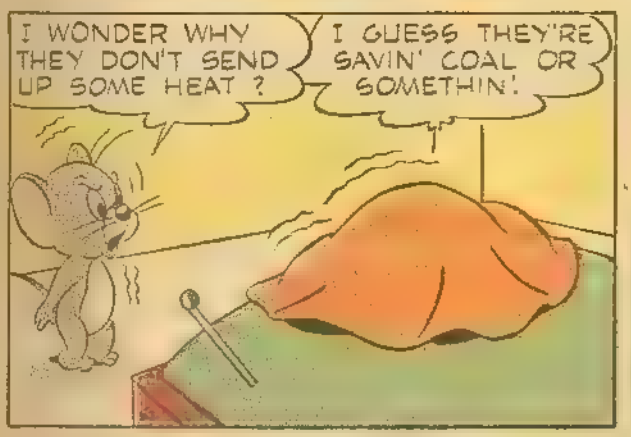

BUT IF HE TALKS HE'LL SING – HE'LL TELL EVERYTHING HE KNOWS AND WE'LL FRY!
AAAAAA WHO CARES? WHO'D BELIEVE A GOAT?

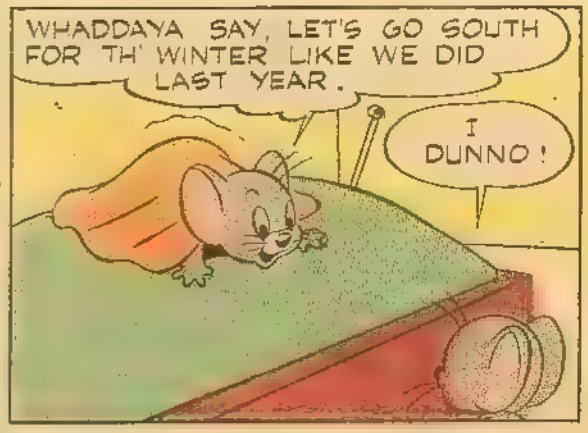
EEE YO-HO-HO

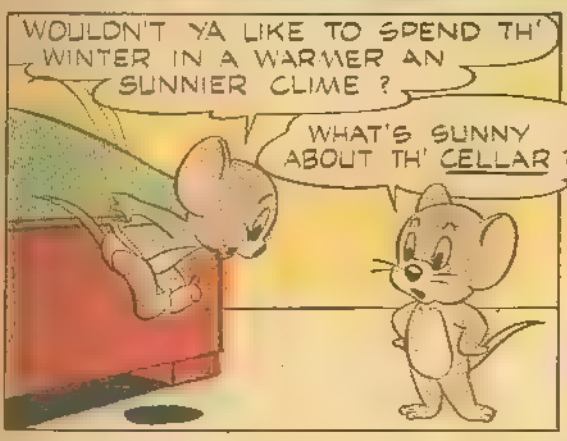

OUCH – THEY WIRED IT! IT'S A DUMMY!

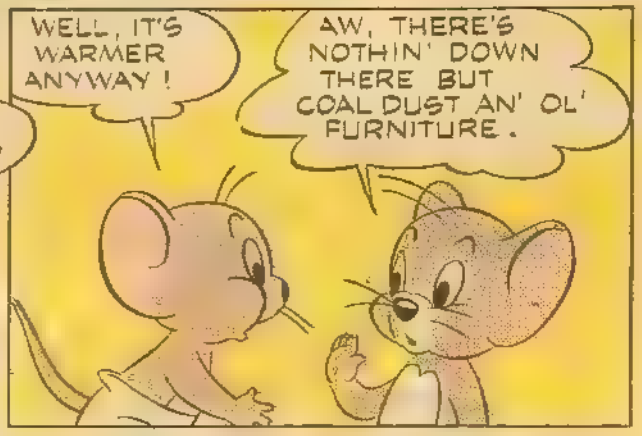
OUR GANG appearing in M-G-M pictures

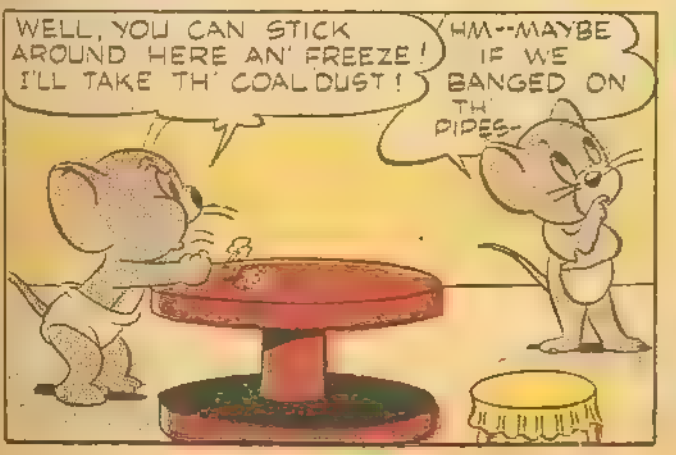

M-G-M PRESENTS
TOM and JERRY
BRRRRR ! I'M FREEZING TO DEATH !
ME TOO ! THIS IS AWFUL !

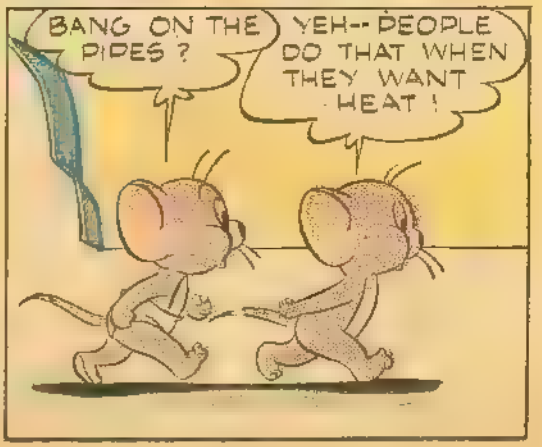

I WONDER WHY THEY DON'T SEND UP SOME HEAT ?
I GUESS THEY'RE SAVIN' COAL OR SOMETHIN'.

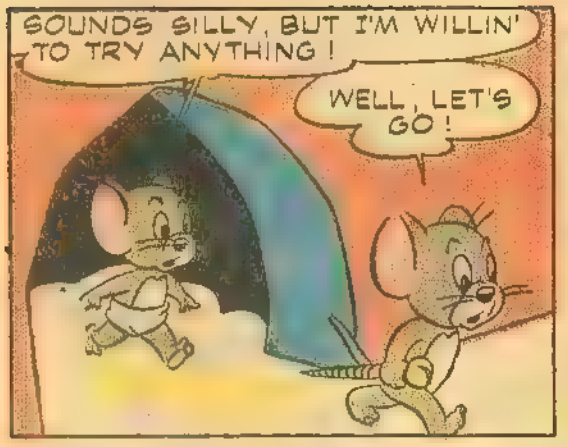

WHADDAYA SAY, LET'S GO SOUTH FOR TH' WINTER LIKE WE DID LAST YEAR.
I DUNNO !

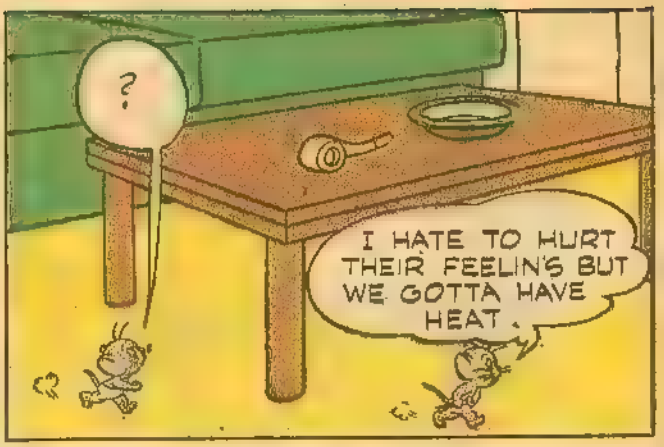

WOULDN'T YA LIKE TO SPEND TH' WINTER IN A WARMER AN SUNNIER CLIME ?
WHAT'S SUNNY ABOUT TH' CELLAR ?

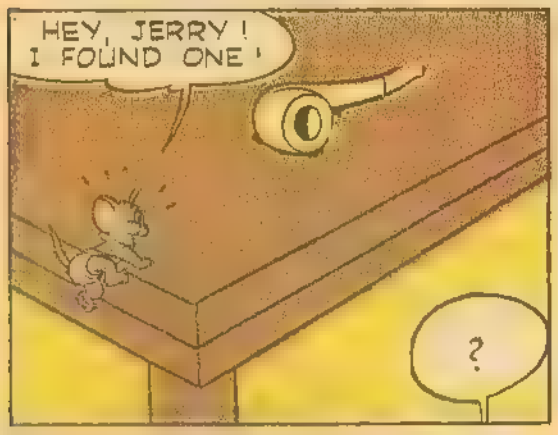

WELL, IT'S WARMER ANYWAY !
AW, THERE'S NOTHIN' DOWN THERE BUT COAL DUST AN' OL' FURNITURE.

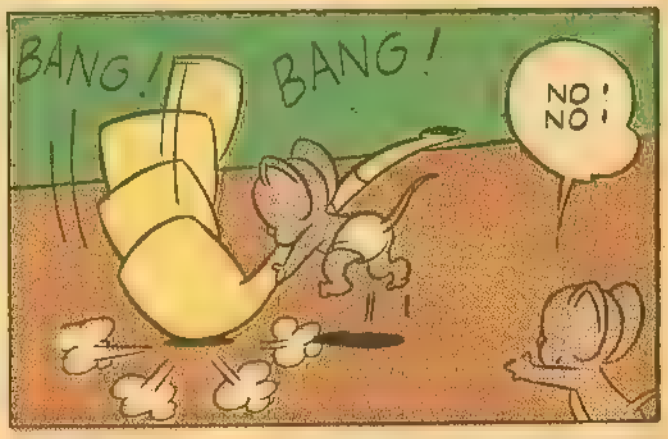

WELL, YOU CAN STICK AROUND HERE AN' FREEZE ! I'LL TAKE TH' COAL DUST !
HM--MAYBE IF WE BANGED ON TH' PIPES--

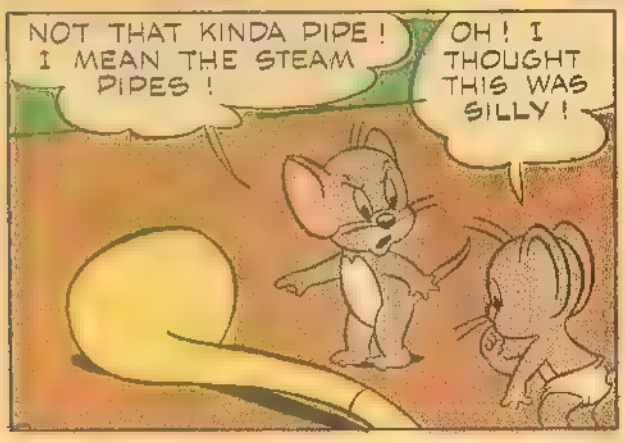

BANG ON THE PIPES ?
YEH-- PEOPLE DO THAT WHEN THEY WANT HEAT !

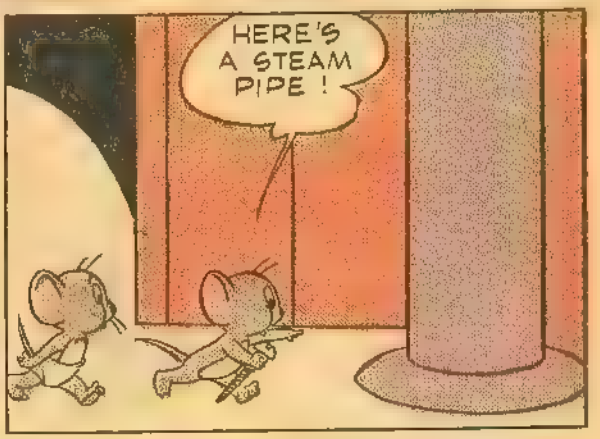

SOUNDS SILLY, BUT I'M WILLIN' TO TRY ANYTHING!
WELL, LET'S GO!

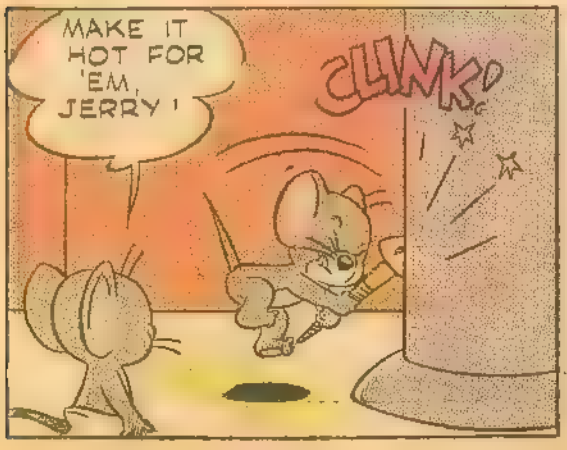

?
I HATE TO HURT THEIR FEELIN'S BUT WE GOTTA HAVE HEAT.

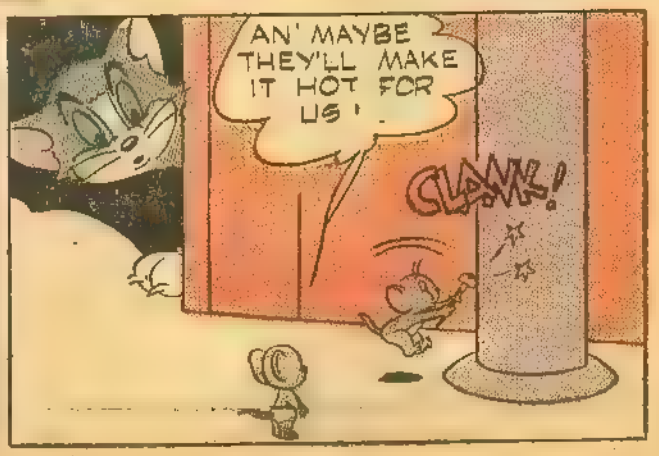

HEY, JERRY! I FOUND ONE!
?

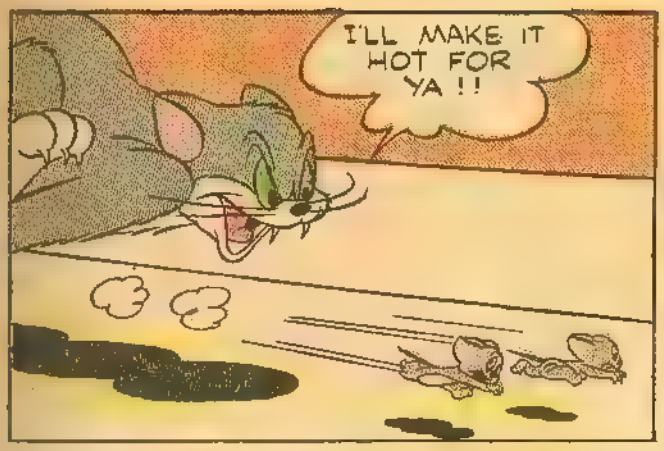

BANG!
BANG!
NO! NO!

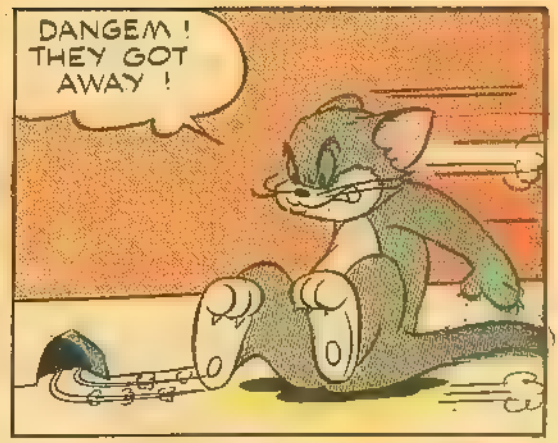

NOT THAT KINDA PIPE! I MEAN THE STEAM PIPES!
OH! I THOUGHT THIS WAS SILLY!

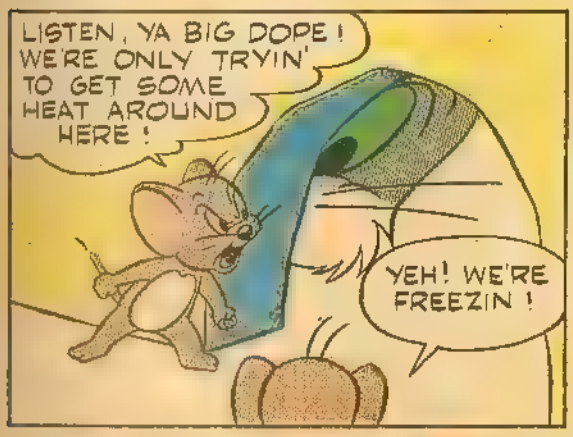

HERE'S A STEAM PIPE!

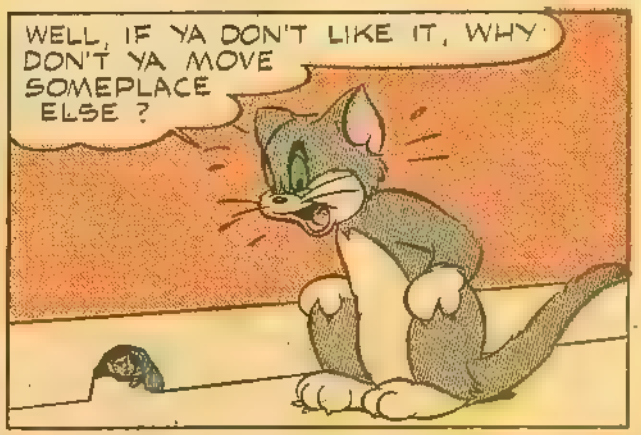

MAKE IT HOT FOR 'EM, JERRY!
CLANK!

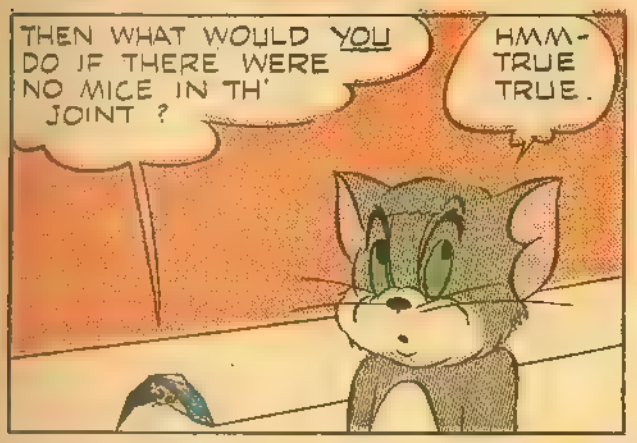

AN' MAYBE THEY'LL MAKE IT HOT FOR US!
CLANK!

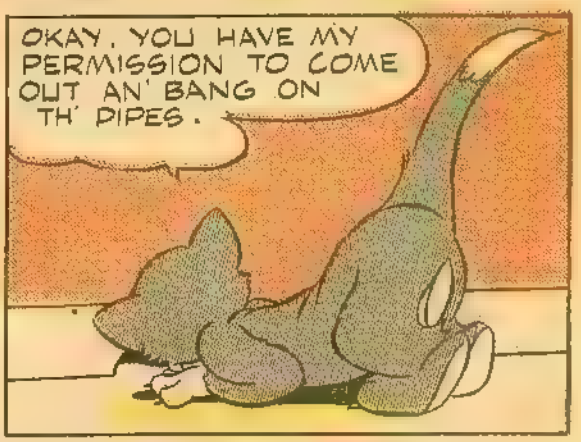

I'LL MAKE IT HOT FOR YA !!

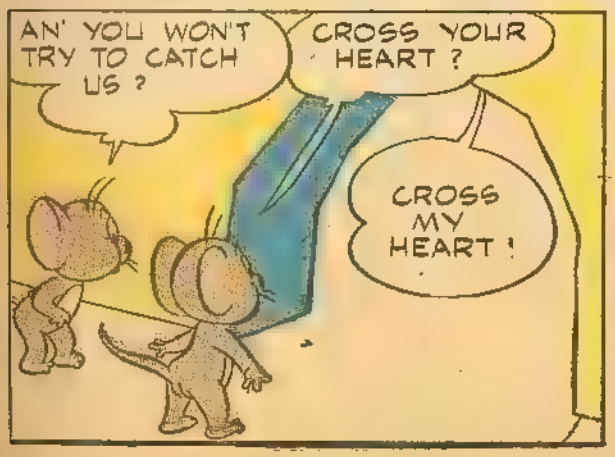

DANGEM ! THEY GOT AWAY !

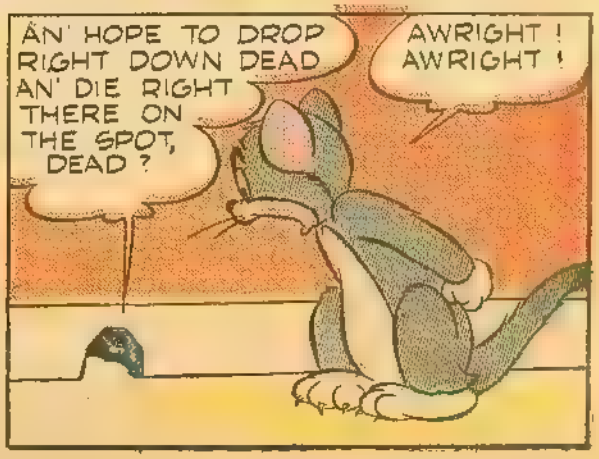

LISTEN, YA BIG DOPE ! WE'RE ONLY TRYIN' TO GET SOME HEAT AROUND HERE !
YEH! WE'RE FREEZIN !


WELL, IF YA DON'T LIKE IT, WHY DON'T YA MOVE SOMEPLACE ELSE ?

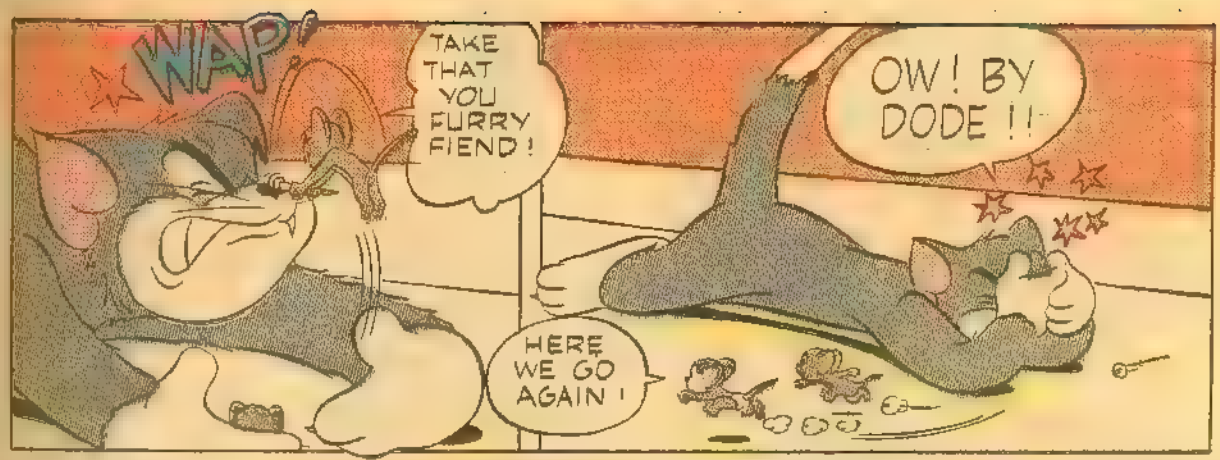

THEN WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF THERE WERE NO MICE IN TH' JOINT ?
HMM- TRUE TRUE.

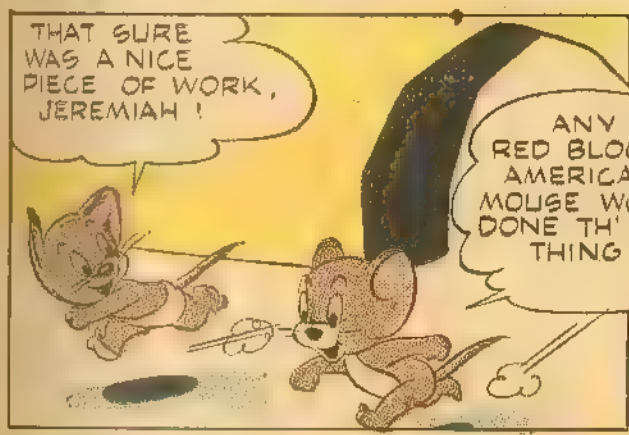

OKAY, YOU HAVE MY PERMISSION TO COME OUT AN' BANG ON TH' PIPES.

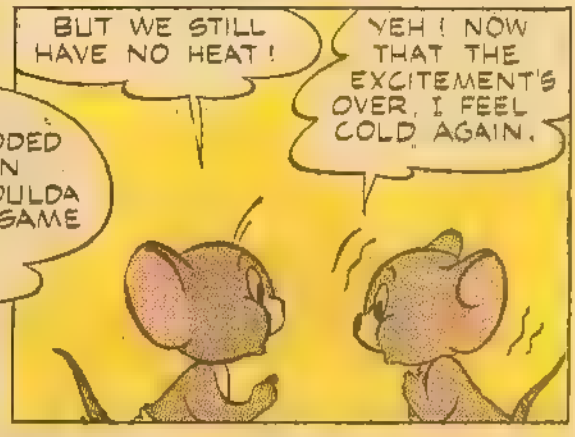

AN' YOU WON'T TRY TO CATCH US ?
CROSS YOUR HEART ?
CROSS MY HEART !

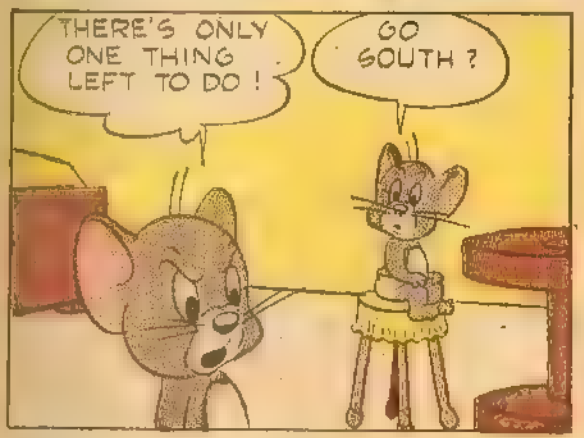

AN' HOPE TO DROP RIGHT DOWN DEAD AN' DIE RIGHT THERE ON THE SPOT, DEAD ?
AWRIGHT ! AWRIGHT !

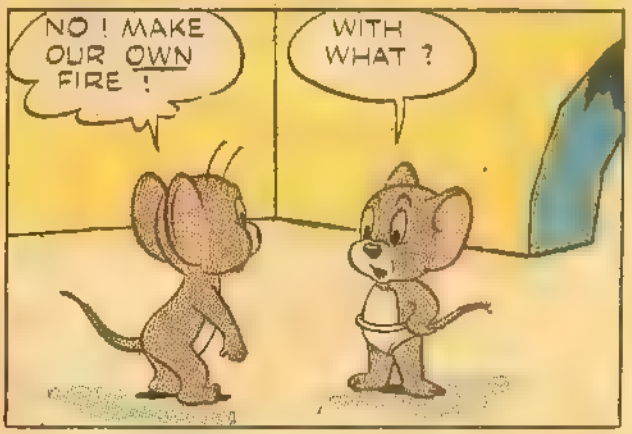
WE CAN RESUME HOSTILITIES AFTER THE HEAT SITUATION IS CLEARED UP..
INDUBITABLY !
HUH ?
INDABOOPALLY ? IMBADIPILLY !
INDABIP -
CLANK!
INDABOP -
WANK!
BANGING DOESN'T GET RESULTS !
YEH--WE MIGHT AS WELL GO !
JUST A MINUTE !
TOM !! REMEMBER YOUR PROMISE !
HOW DO YOU PRONOUNCE THAT WORD INDIP- INDAP -
INDUBITABLY ?
YOU'RE NOT GONNA EAT US NOW, ARE YOU, TOM ?
INDABOOPADILLY !!
YA DOUBLE CROSSIN' RAT !

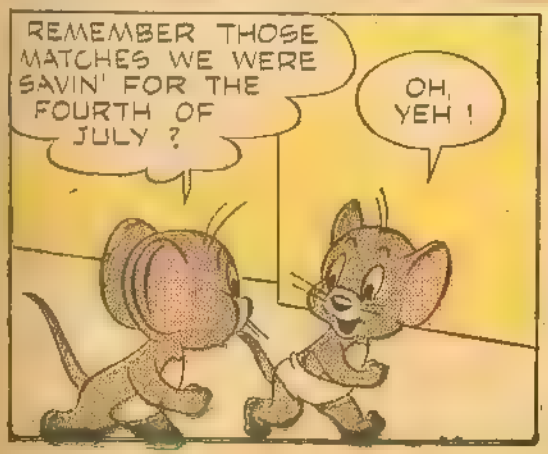

WAP!
TAKE THAT YOU FURRY FIEND!
OW! BY DODE!!
HERE WE GO AGAIN!

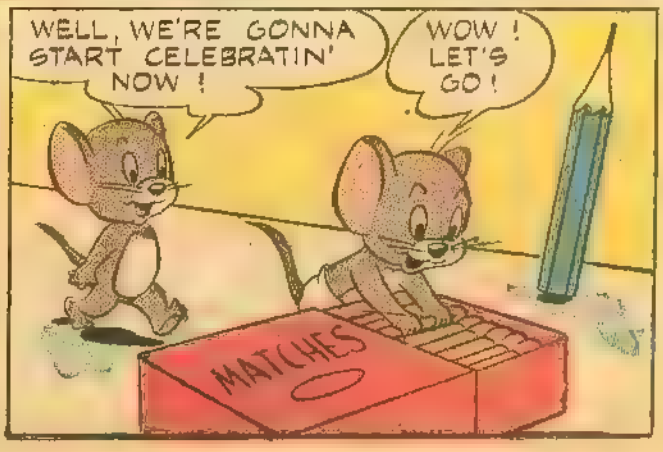

THAT SURE WAS A NICE PIECE OF WORK, JEREMIAH!
ANY RED BLOODED AMERICAN MOUSE WOULDA DONE TH' SAME THING!

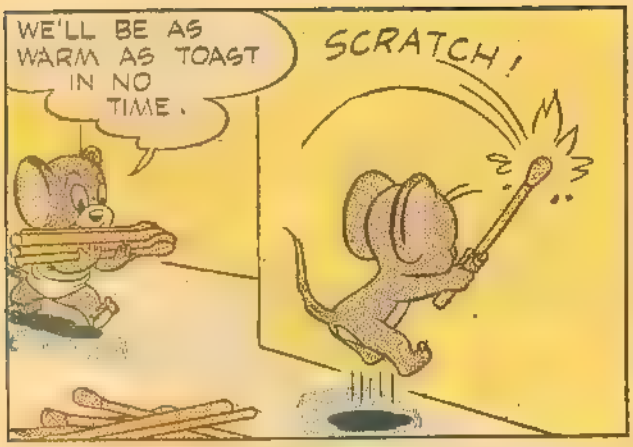

BUT WE STILL HAVE NO HEAT!
YEH! NOW THAT THE EXCITEMENT'S OVER, I FEEL COLD AGAIN.

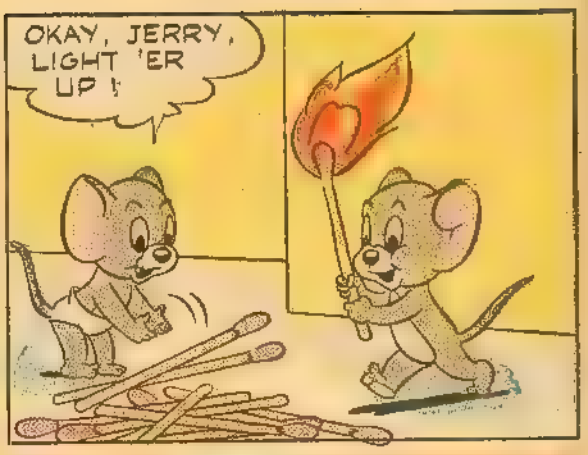

THERE'S ONLY ONE THING LEFT TO DO!
GO SOUTH?

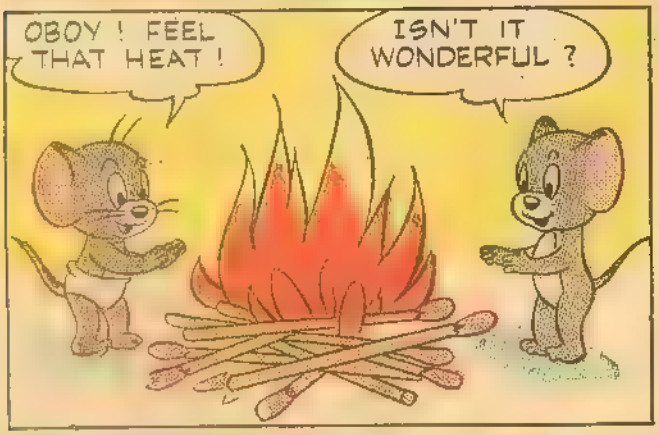

NO! MAKE OUR OWN FIRE!
WITH WHAT?

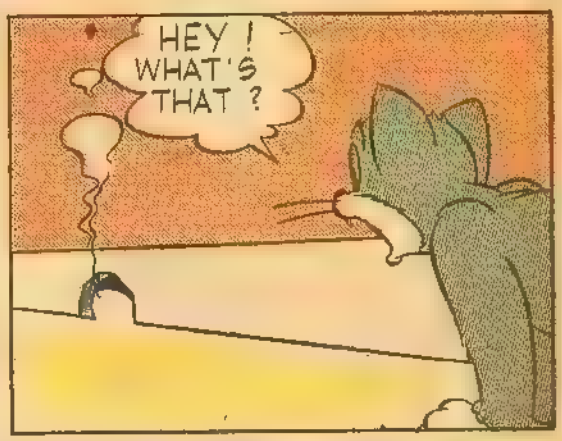

REMEMBER THOSE MATCHES WE WERE SAVIN' FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY?
OH, YEH!

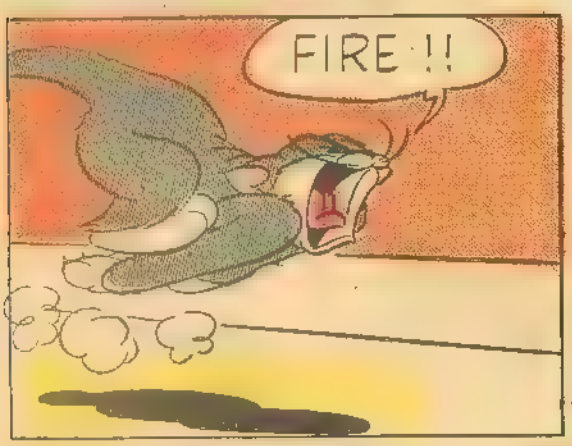

WELL, WE'RE GONNA START CELEBRATIN' NOW!
WOW! LET'S GO!
MATCHES

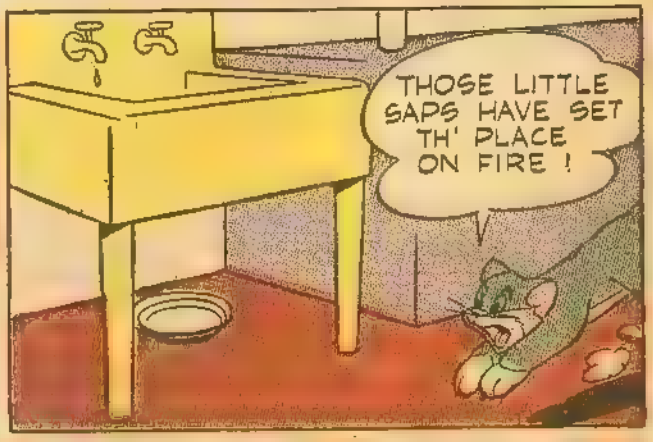

WE'LL BE AS WARM AS TOAST IN NO TIME.
SCRATCH!

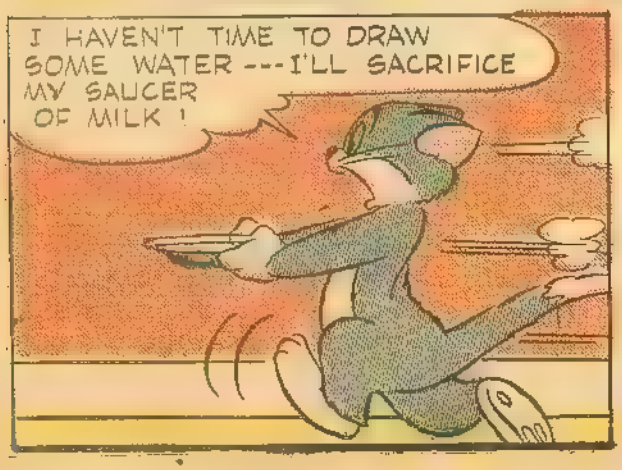

OKAY, JERRY, LIGHT 'ER UP!

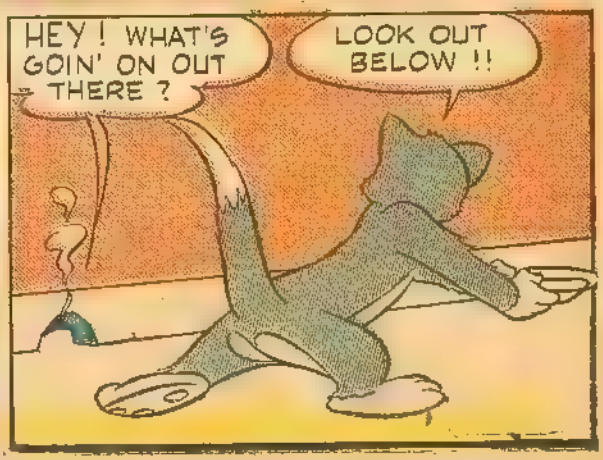

OBOY! FEEL THAT HEAT!
ISN'T IT WONDERFUL?

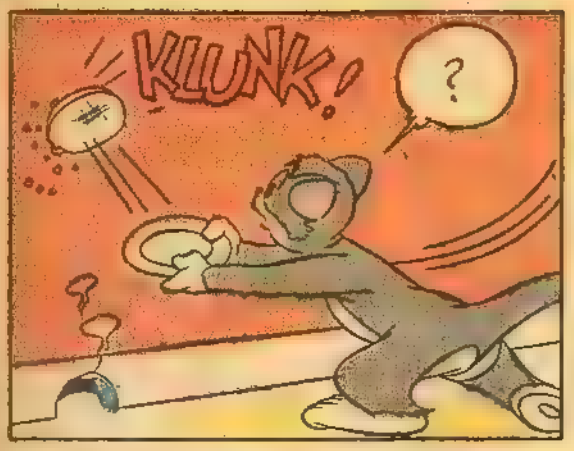

HEY! WHAT'S THAT?

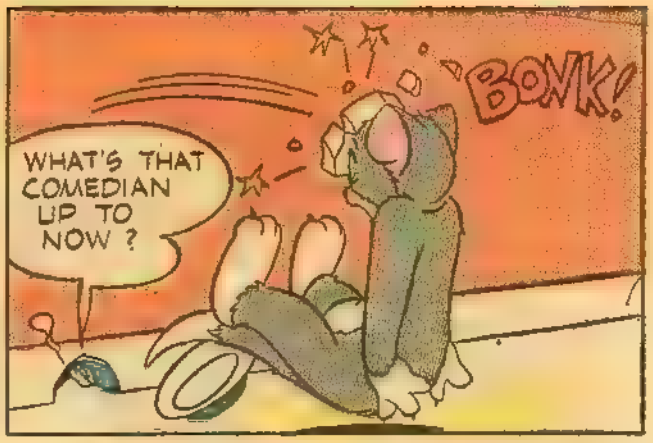

FIRE!!

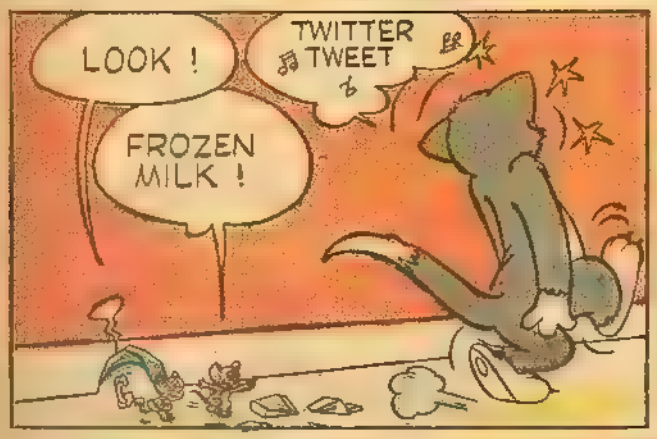

THOSE LITTLE SAPS HAVE SET TH' PLACE ON FIRE!

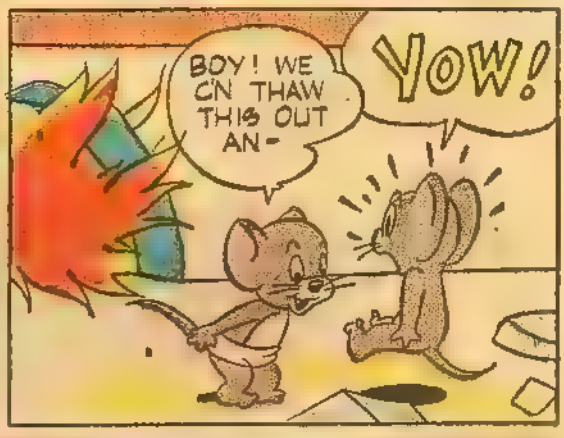

I HAVEN'T TIME TO DRAW SOME WATER---I'LL SACRIFICE MY SAUCER OF MILK!


HEY! WHAT'S GOIN' ON OUT THERE?
LOOK OUT BELOW!!

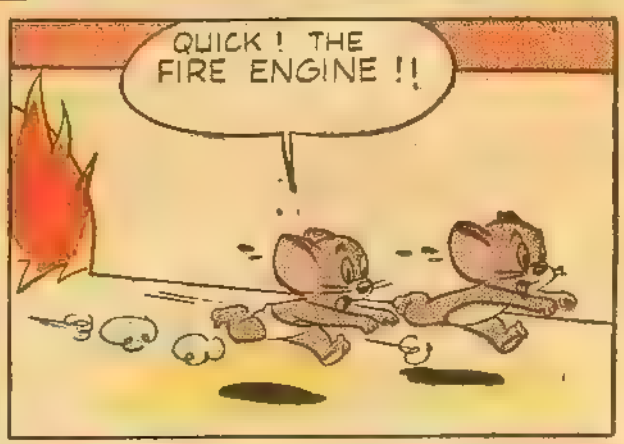

KLUNK!
?

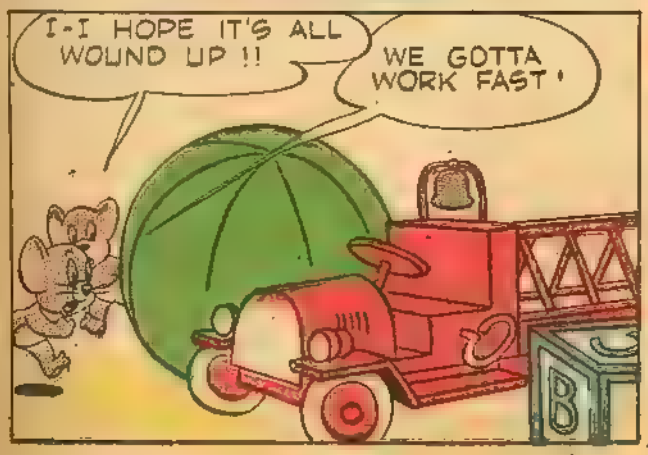

BONK!
WHAT'S THAT COMEDIAN UP TO NOW ?

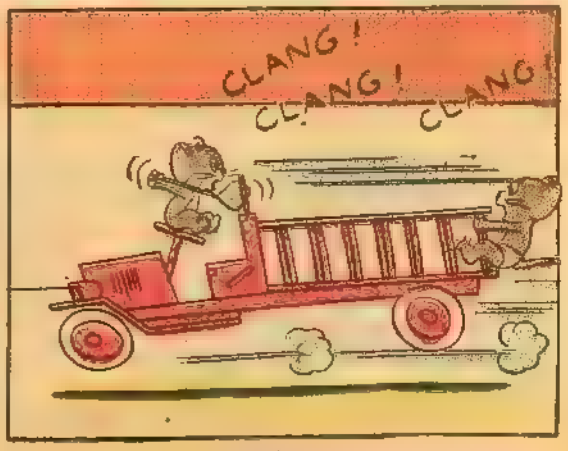

LOOK !
TWITTER TWEET
FROZEN MILK !

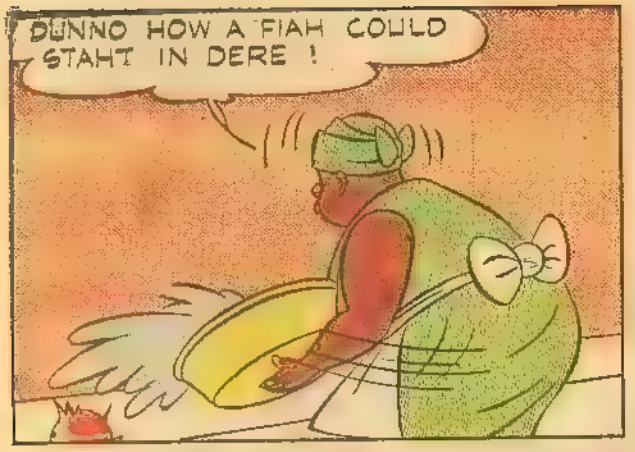

BOY! WE CN THAW THIS OUT AN-
YOW!

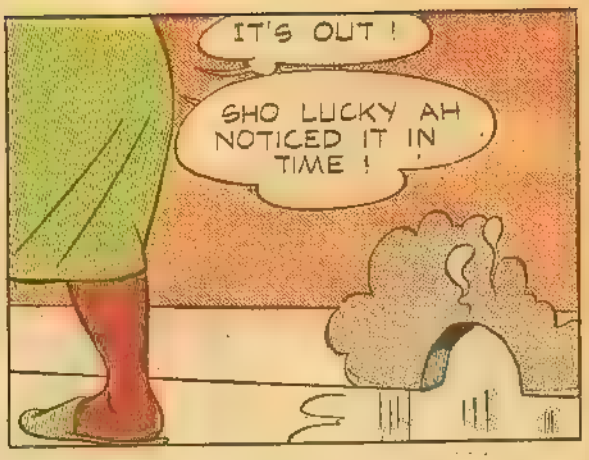
FIRE!
FIRE!

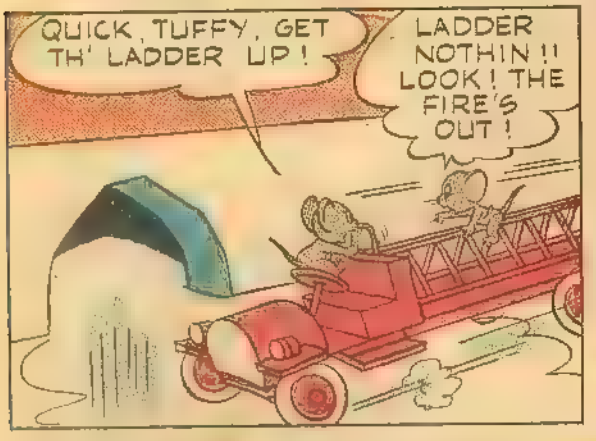

QUICK ! THE FIRE ENGINE !!

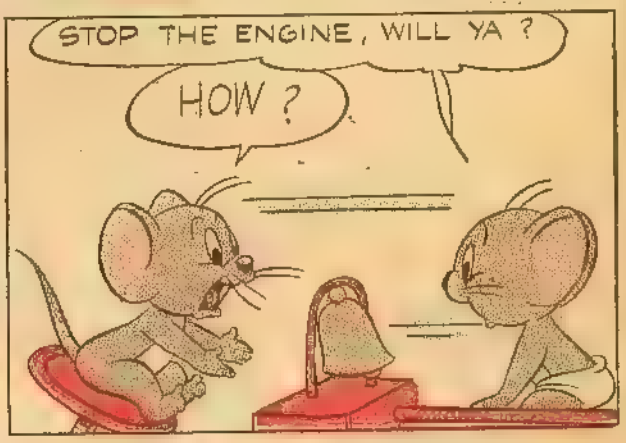

I-I HOPE IT'S ALL WOUND UP !!
WE GOTTA WORK FAST !
B

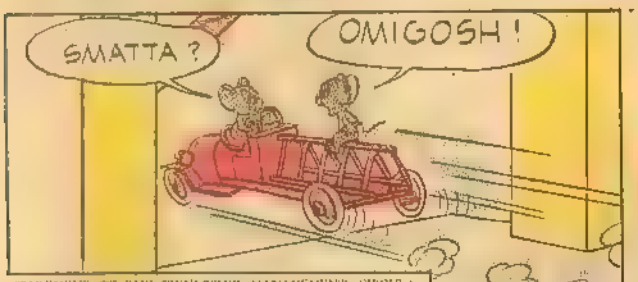

CLANG !
CLANG !
CLANG !

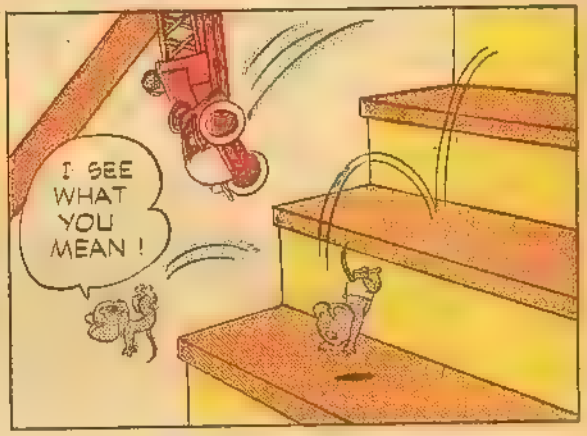












STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF August 24, 1912, and March 3, 1933 of Our Gang Comics published bimonthly at New York, N. Y. for October 1, 1943, State of New York, County of New York, ss:

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Helen Meyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Business Manager of the Our Gang Comics and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, George T. Delacorte, Jr., 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Editor, Helen Meyer, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Helen Meyer, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

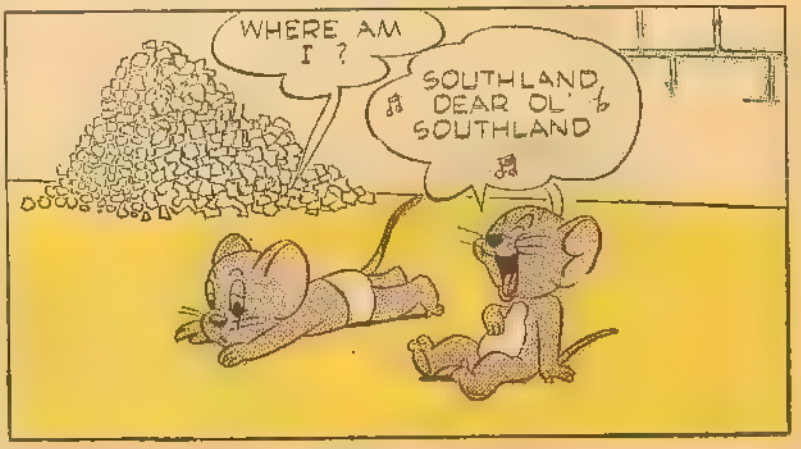
2. That the owner is: Dell Publishing Company, Inc., 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; George T. Delacorte, Jr., 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Margaretta Delacorte, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None;

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

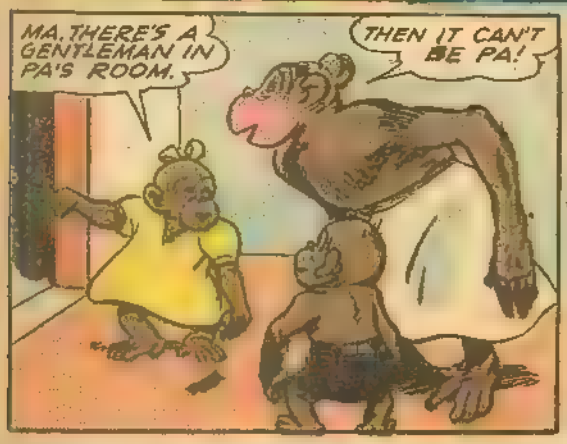
(Signed) HELEN MEYER
Business Manager

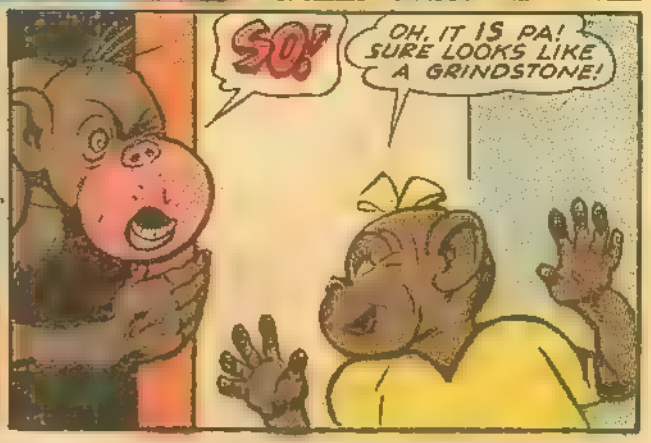
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 7th day of September, 1943
JEANNETTE SMITH
(SEAL) (My Commission Expires March 30, 1946)

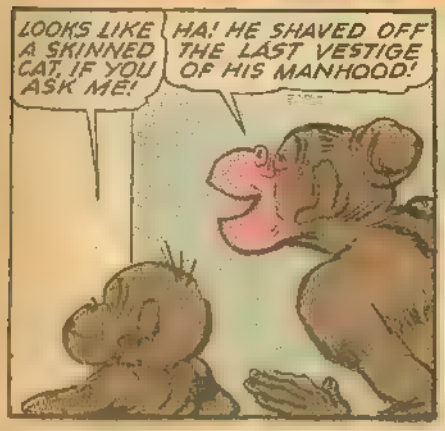


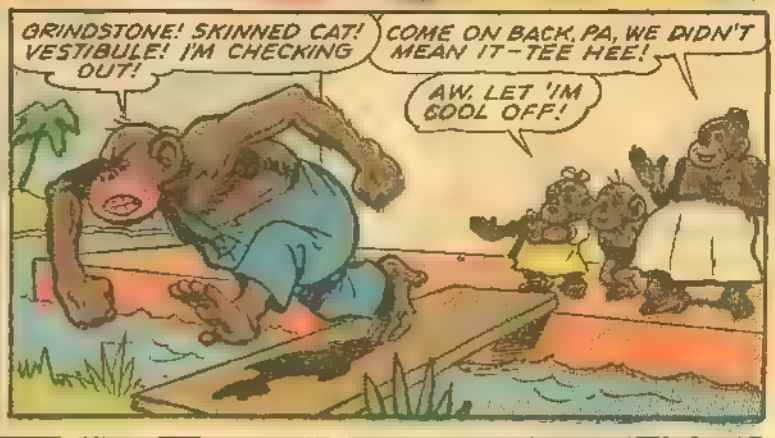
M-G-M CARTOONS distributed by Loew's Incorporated

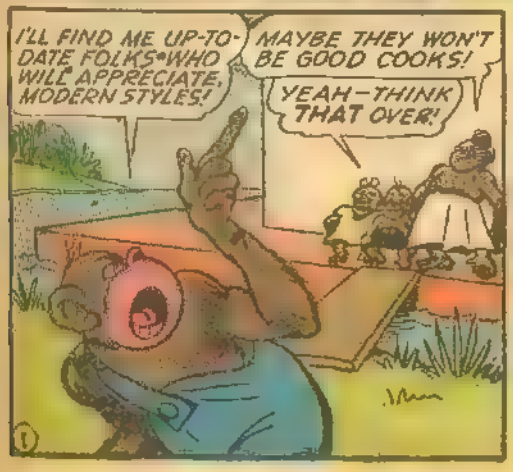
Clip & Clip
SIDE WHISKERS BELONG TO THE HORSE AND BUGGY DAYS! THEY'VE GOT TO GO!
Copr 1946 by OSKAR LEBECK


MA, THERE'S A GENTLEMAN IN PA'S ROOM.
THEN IT CAN'T BE PA!


SO?
OH, IT IS PA! SURE LOOKS LIKE A GRINDSTONE!

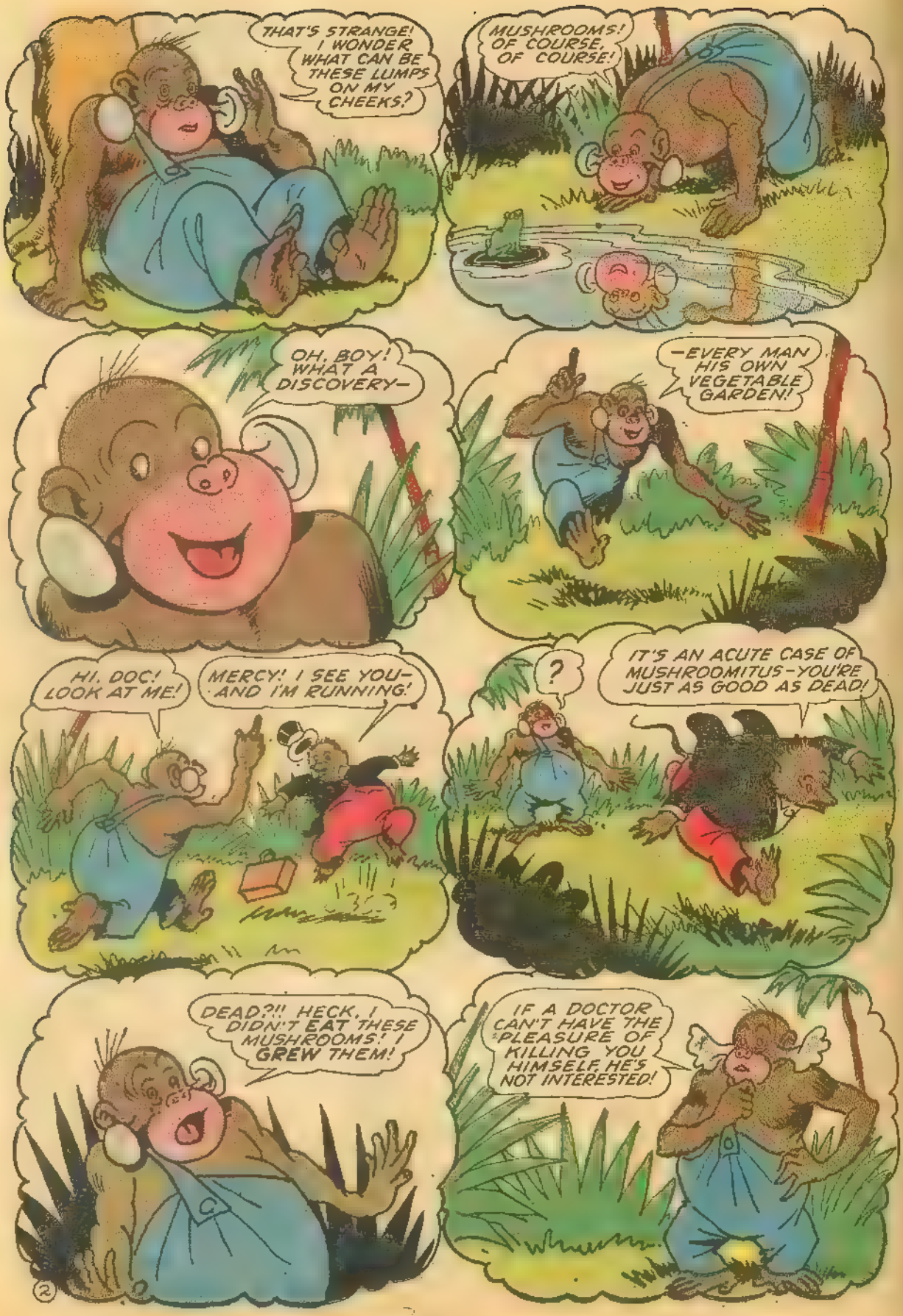

LOOKS LIKE A SKINNED CAT, IF YOU ASK ME!
HA! HE SHAVED OFF THE LAST VESTIGE OF HIS MANHOOD!

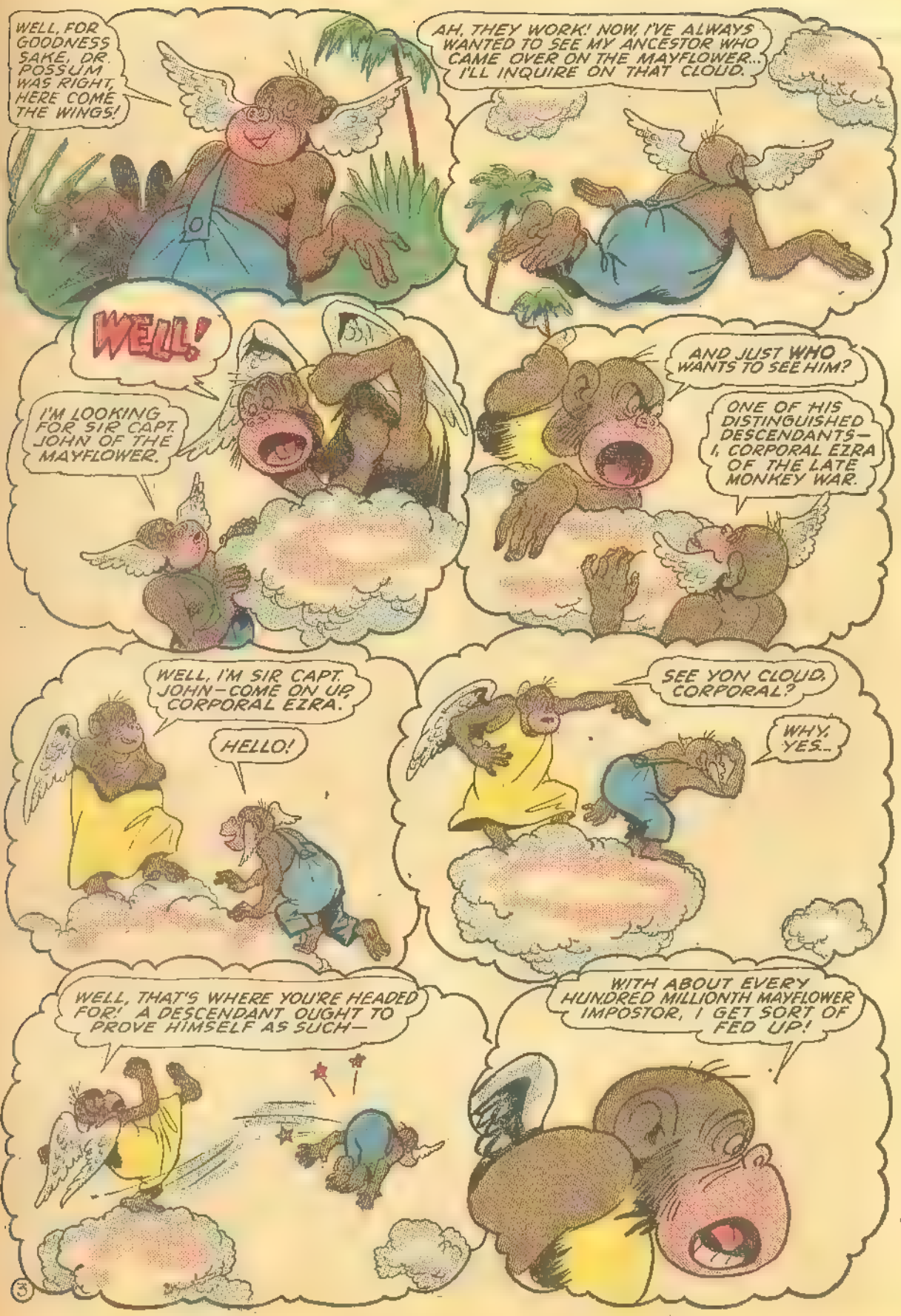

GRINDSTONE! SKINNED CAT! VESTIBULE! I'M CHECKING OUT!
COME ON BACK, PA, WE DIDN'T MEAN IT—TEE HEE!
AW, LET 'IM COOL OFF!


I'LL FIND ME UP-TO-DATE FOLKS WHO WILL APPRECIATE MODERN STYLES!
MAYBE THEY WON'T BE GOOD COOKS!
YEAH—THINK THAT OVER!

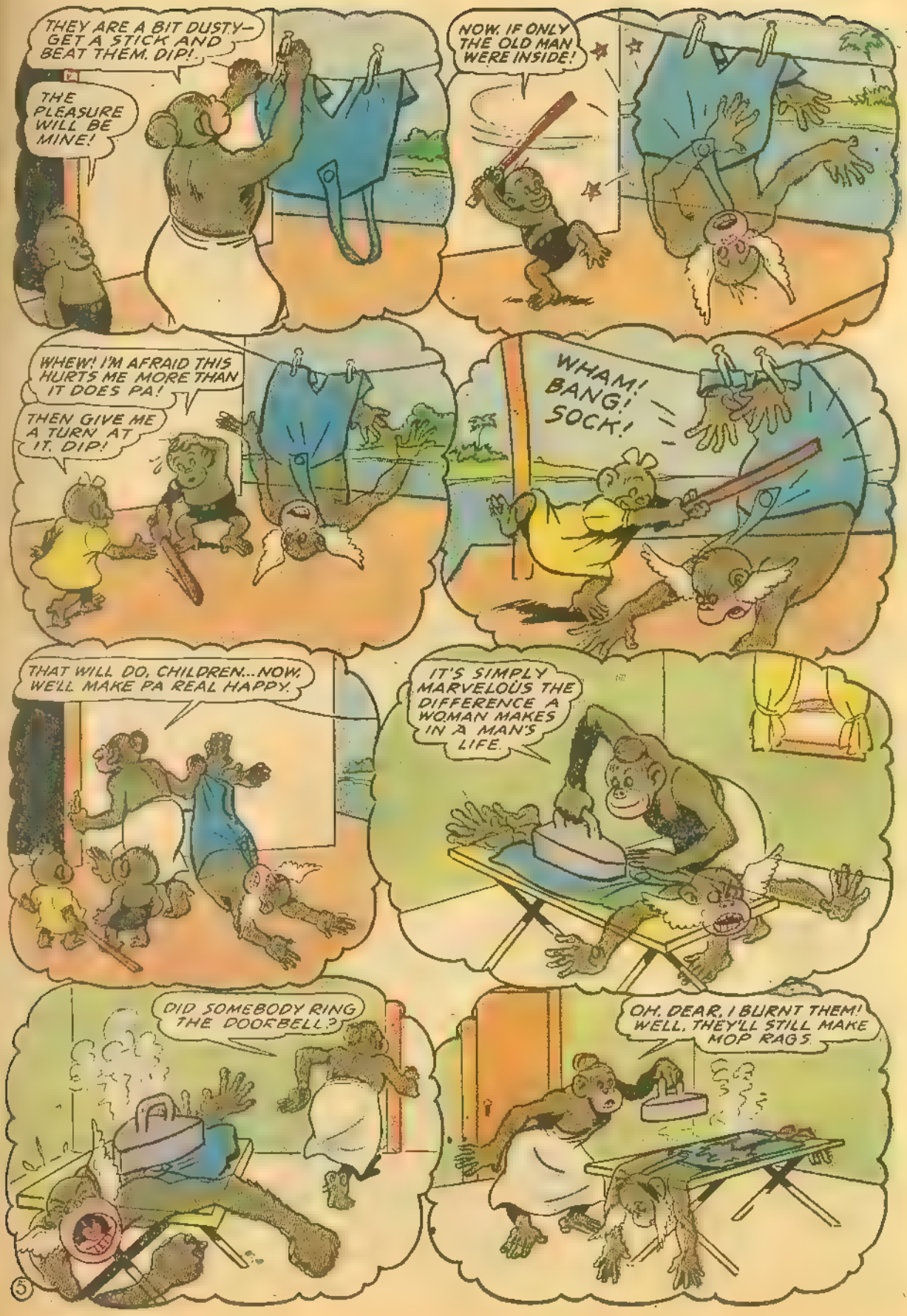
HMMM! THAT'S SOMETHING! I'D BETTER COMPROMISE WITH A NICE SHADE TREE.

AN ASH TREE! SHOULD BE SOME MUSHROOMS AROUND HERE.
ZN-ZZZ ZZ-ZZZ-!

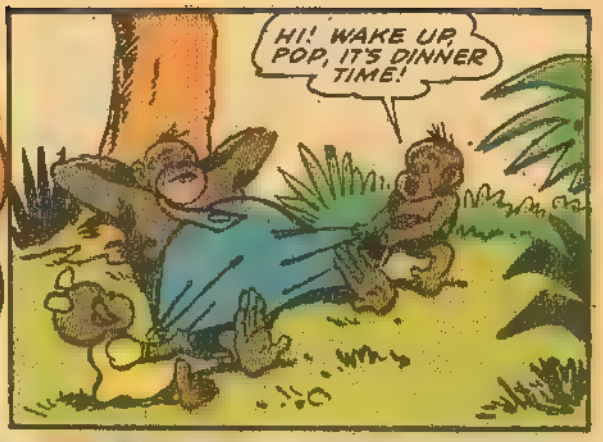

THAT'S STRANGE! I WONDER WHAT CAN BE THESE LUMPS ON MY CHEEKS?
MUSHROOMS! OF COURSE, OF COURSE!
OH, BOY! WHAT A DISCOVERY—
—EVERY MAN HIS OWN VEGETABLE GARDEN!
HI, DOC! LOOK AT ME!
MERCY! I SEE YOU— AND I'M RUNNING!
?
IT'S AN ACUTE CASE OF MUSHROOMITUS—YOU'RE JUST AS GOOD AS DEAD!
DEAD?!! HECK, I DIDN'T EAT THESE MUSHROOMS! I GREW THEM!
IF A DOCTOR CAN'T HAVE THE PLEASURE OF KILLING YOU HIMSELF, HE'S NOT INTERESTED!
2


WELL, FOR GOODNESS SAKE, DR. POSSUM WAS RIGHT, HERE COME THE WINGS!
AH, THEY WORK! NOW, I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO SEE MY ANCESTOR WHO CAME OVER ON THE MAYFLOWER... I'LL INQUIRE ON THAT CLOUD.
WELL!
I'M LOOKING FOR SIR CAPT. JOHN OF THE MAYFLOWER.
AND JUST WHO WANTS TO SEE HIM?
ONE OF HIS DISTINGUISHED DESCENDANTS— I, CORPORAL EZRA OF THE LATE MONKEY WAR.
WELL, I'M SIR CAPT. JOHN—COME ON UP, CORPORAL EZRA.
HELLO!
SEE YON CLOUD, CORPORAL?
WHY, YES...
WELL, THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE HEADED FOR! A DESCENDANT OUGHT TO PROVE HIMSELF AS SUCH—
WITH ABOUT EVERY HUNDRED MILLIONTH MAYFLOWER IMPOSTOR, I GET SORT OF FED UP!

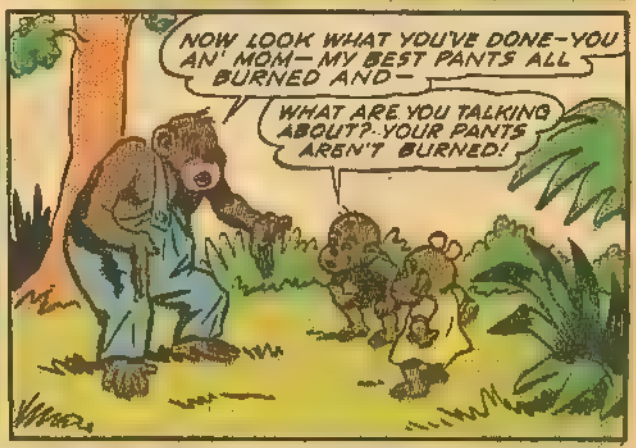
OH, PERHAPS IT WAS THE ARK, RATHER THAN THE MAYFLOWER— ANYWAY, I DON'T THINK I'LL LOOK UP NOAH...
I'LL JUST FLOAT MYSELF DOWN TO THE HOUSEBOAT AND GIVE MA AND THE KIDS THE SURPRISE OF THEIR LIVES.
THEY'LL BE SORRY FOR HAVING MADE FUN OF ME, WHEN THEY SEE I'M AN ANGEL.
THIS REUNION WOULD BE MORE TOUCHING WITH MUSIC—HMMM, I SHOULD HAVE A HARP WITH THIS OUTFIT!
HI, FOLKS! IS DINNER READY?
WONDER WHAT'S KEEPING PA? BETTER CALL HIM FOR DINNER, CHILDREN.
HE DOESN'T USUALLY STAY MAD PAST DINNER TIME.
THEY DIDN'T HEAR ME! WELL, OF COURSE, BEING A SPIRIT—NOR CAN THEY SEE ME!
HEY—!
LOOK! PA'S PANTS ARE FLOATING IN THE AIR!
PERHAPS PA'S BATHING AND THEY HAVE BLOWN IN FROM THE BUSHES.
YES, WHILE PA IS NO LONGER VISIBLE TO THE MORTAL MONKEY EYE— HIS PANTS DIDN'T SPIRITUALIZE..
I'LL JUST GRAB THEM AND PIN THEM ON THE LINE BEFORE THEY BLOW ANY FURTHER.

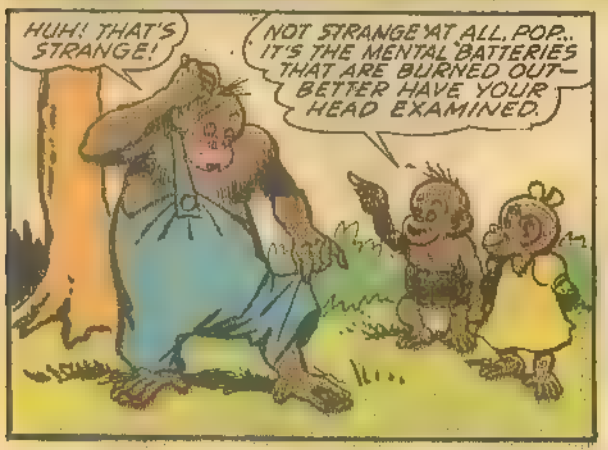

THEY ARE A BIT DUSTY— GET A STICK AND BEAT THEM. DIP!
THE PLEASURE WILL BE MINE!
NOW, IF ONLY THE OLD MAN WERE INSIDE!
WHEW! I'M AFRAID THIS HURTS ME MORE THAN IT DOES PA!
THEN GIVE ME A TURN AT IT, DIP!
WHAM! BANG! SOCK!
THAT WILL DO, CHILDREN...NOW, WE'LL MAKE PA REAL HAPPY.
IT'S SIMPLY MARVELOUS THE DIFFERENCE A WOMAN MAKES IN A MAN'S LIFE.
DID SOMEBODY RING THE DOORBELL?
OH, DEAR, I BURNT THEM! WELL, THEY'LL STILL MAKE MOP RAGS.

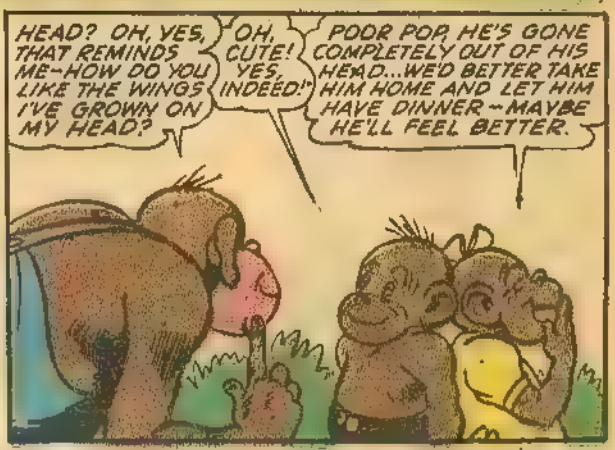
TEAR THEM IN TWO, CHILDREN. EACH TAKE A LEG AND PULL.

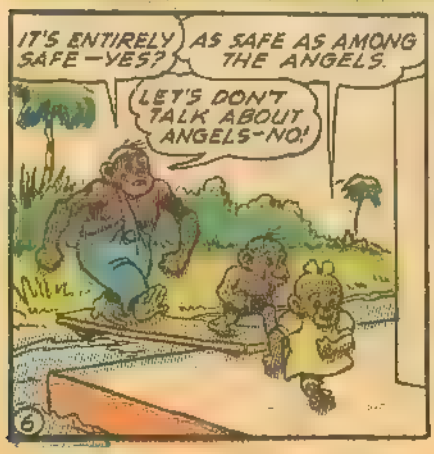

HI! WAKE UP, POP, IT'S DINNER TIME!

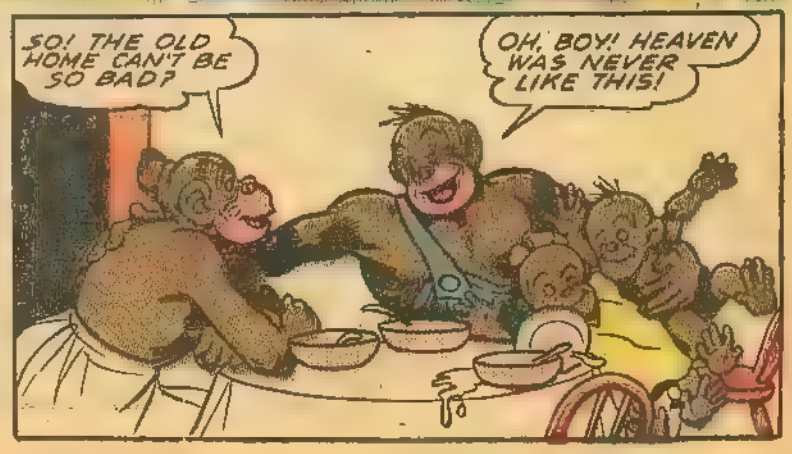
WAH! STOP IT! STOP IT!


NOW LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE—YOU AN' MOM—MY BEST PANTS ALL BURNED AND—
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? YOUR PANTS AREN'T BURNED!


HUH! THAT'S STRANGE!
NOT STRANGE AT ALL, POP.. IT'S THE MENTAL BATTERIES THAT ARE BURNED OUT— BETTER HAVE YOUR HEAD EXAMINED.

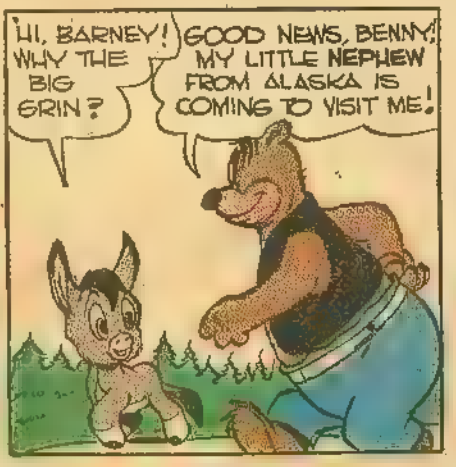

HEAD? OH, YES, THAT REMINDS ME—HOW DO YOU LIKE THE WINGS I'VE GROWN ON MY HEAD?
OH, CUTE! YES, INDEED!"
POOR POP, HE'S GONE COMPLETELY OUT OF HIS HEAD...WE'D BETTER TAKE HIM HOME AND LET HIM HAVE DINNER—MAYBE HE'LL FEEL BETTER.

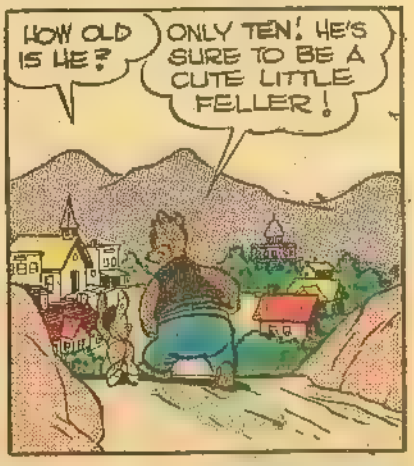

IT'S ENTIRELY SAFE—YES?
AS SAFE AS AMONG THE ANGELS.
LET'S DON'T TALK ABOUT ANGELS—NO!

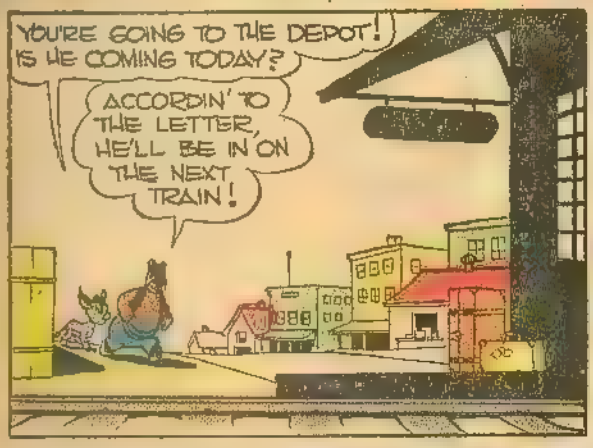

SO! THE OLD HOME CAN'T BE SO BAD?
OH, BOY! HEAVEN WAS NEVER LIKE THIS!

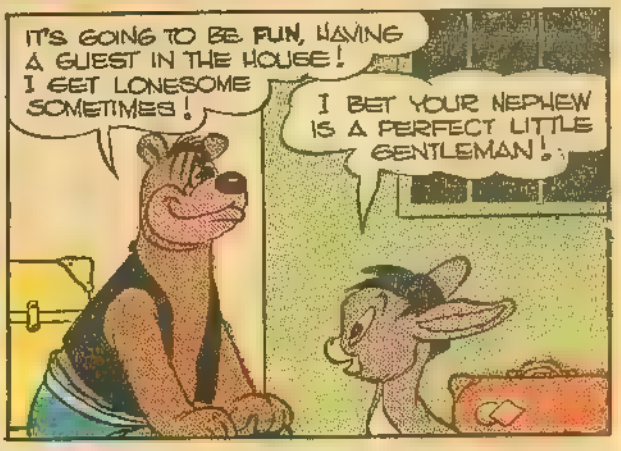
M-G-M PRESENTS

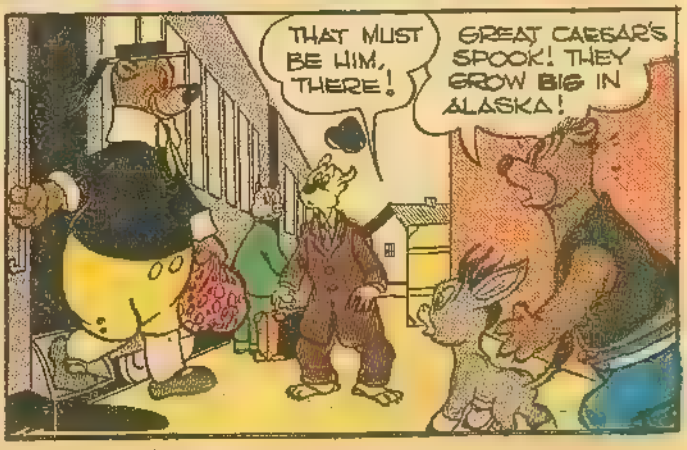
BARNEY BEAR and BENNY BURRO

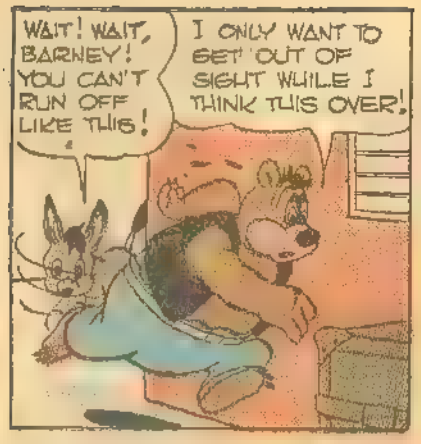


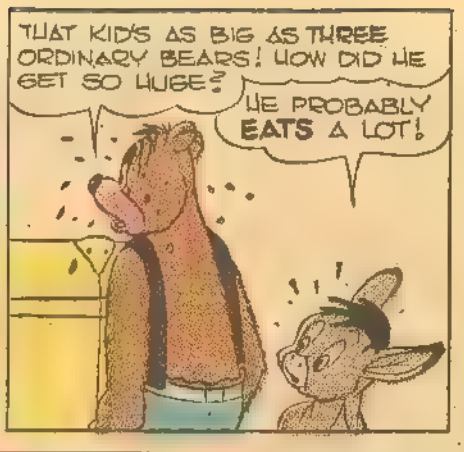






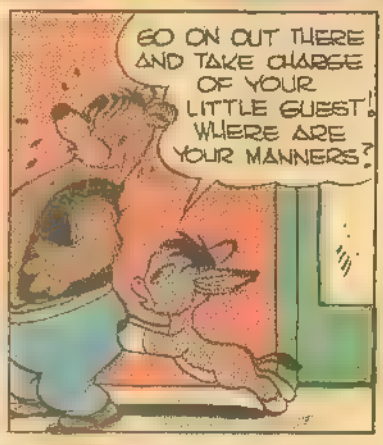


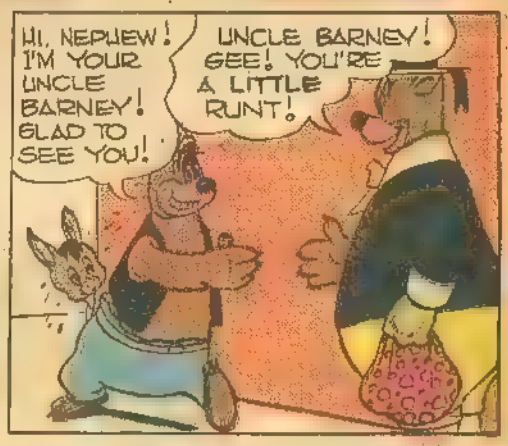

WAIT! WAIT, BARNEY! YOU CAN'T RUN OFF LIKE THIS!
I ONLY WANT TO GET OUT OF SIGHT WHILE I THINK THIS OVER!

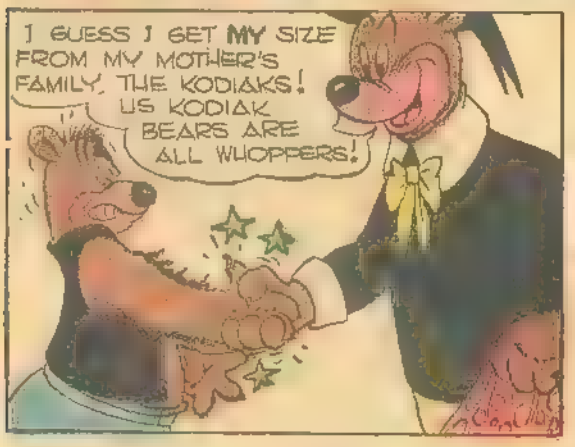

THAT KID'S AS BIG AS THREE ORDINARY BEARS! HOW DID HE GET SO HUGE?
HE PROBABLY EATS A LOT!

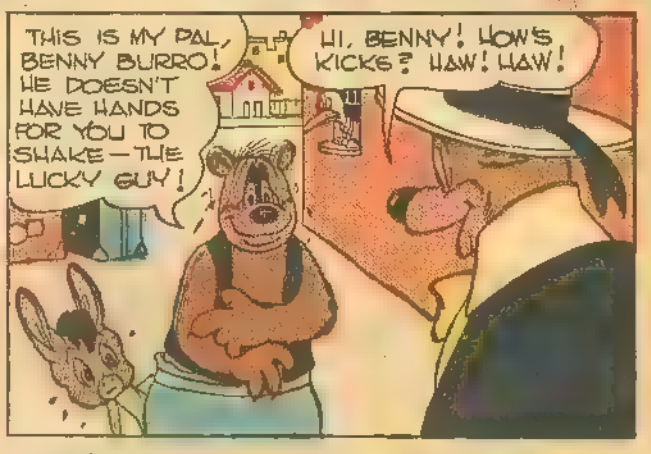
THAT'S JUST WHAT I WAS THINKIN'!

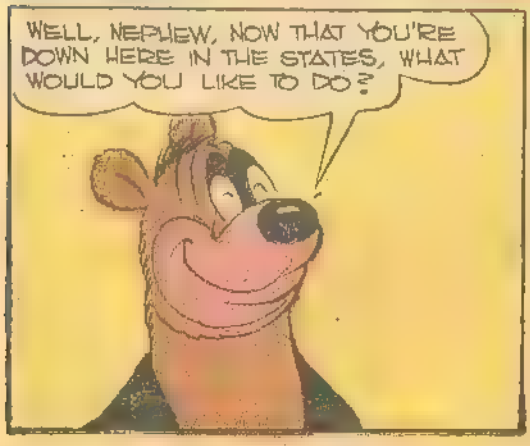
UNCLE BARNEY! UNCLE BARNEY! I'M HERE! WHERE ARE YOU?

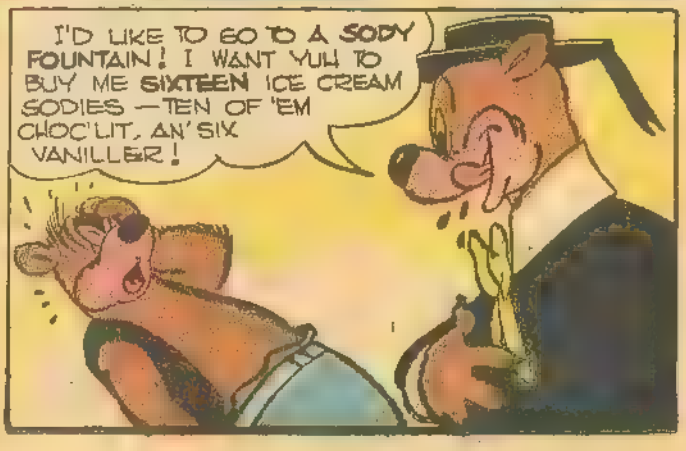

GO ON OUT THERE AND TAKE CHARGE OF YOUR LITTLE GUEST! WHERE ARE YOUR MANNERS?

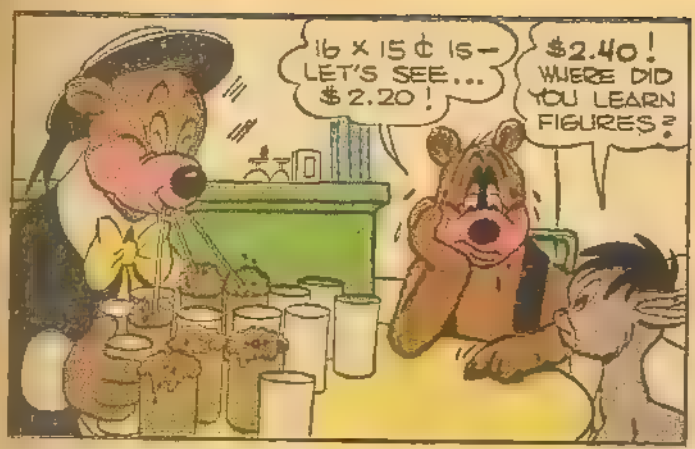

HI, NEPHEW! I'M YOUR UNCLE BARNEY! GLAD TO SEE YOU!
UNCLE BARNEY! GEE! YOU'RE A LITTLE RUNT!

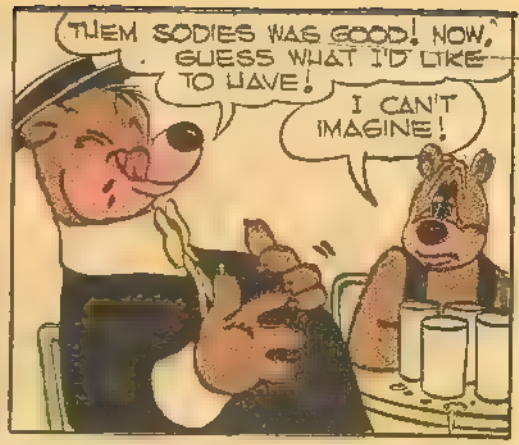

I GUESS I GET MY SIZE FROM MY MOTHER'S FAMILY, THE KODIAKS! US KODIAK BEARS ARE ALL WHOPPERS!


THIS IS MY PAL, BENNY BURRO! HE DOESN'T HAVE HANDS FOR YOU TO SHAKE—THE LUCKY GUY!
HI, BENNY! HOW'S KICKS? HAW! HAW!

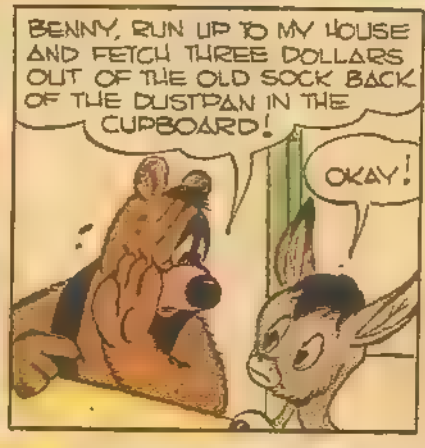

WELL, NEPHEW, NOW THAT YOU'RE DOWN HERE IN THE STATES, WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO DO?


I'D LIKE TO GO TO A SODY FOUNTAIN! I WANT YUH TO BUY ME SIXTEEN ICE CREAM SODIES—TEN OF 'EM CHOC'LIT, AN' SIX VANILLER!


16 × 15 ¢ IS — LET'S SEE... $2.20!
$2.40! WHERE DID YOU LEARN FIGURES?


THEM SODIES WAS GOOD! NOW, GUESS WHAT I'D LIKE TO HAVE!
I CAN'T IMAGINE!

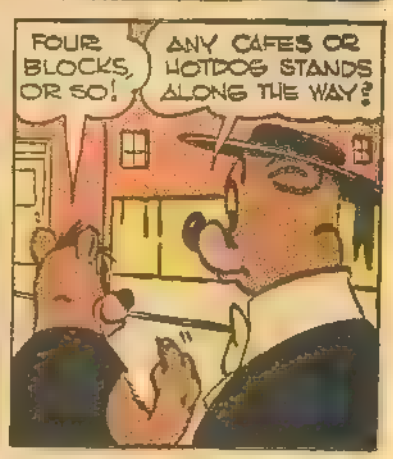
A TURKEY DINNER, AN' FIVE MINCE PIES!
GULP!


BENNY, RUN UP TO MY HOUSE AND FETCH THREE DOLLARS OUT OF THE OLD SOCK BACK OF THE DUSTPAN IN THE CUPBOARD!
OKAY!

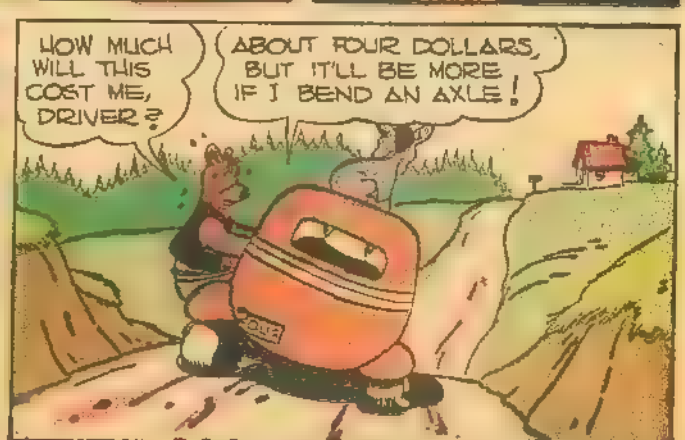
AN' THEN I'D LIKE TO HAVE A GALLON OF BUTTERSCOTCH PUDDIN' BEFORE STARTIN' ON SODIES AGAIN!

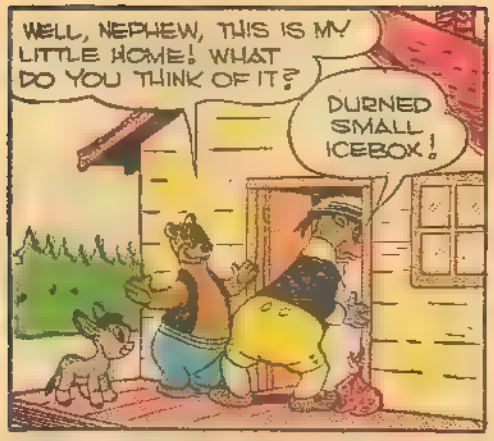
NEVER MIND THE THREE DOLLARS, BENNY — BRING THE WHOLE SOCK!

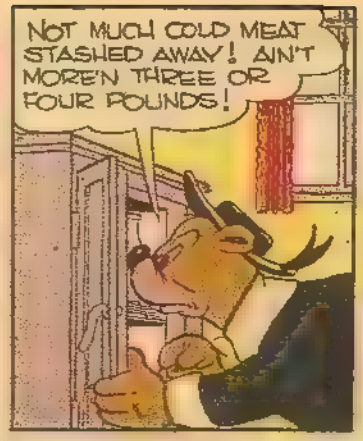
LATER!
THANK GOODNESS! YOU SEEM TO BE FULL AT LAST! NOW LET'S WALK UP TO MY HOUSE!
HOW FAR IS IT?


FOUR BLOCKS, OR SO!
ANY CAFES OR HOTDOG STANDS ALONG THE WAY?

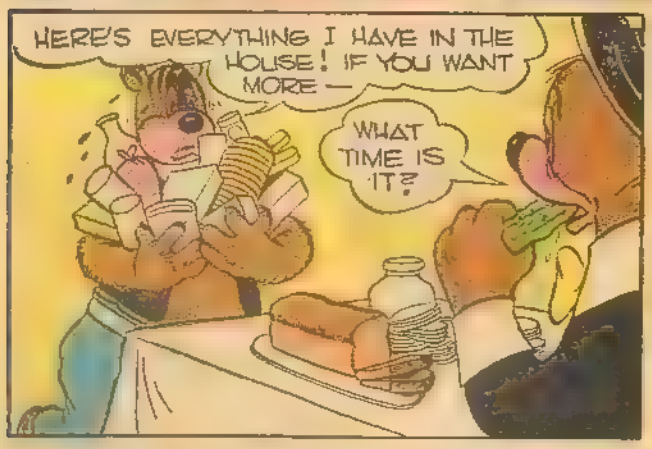
NO!
THEN WE BETTER TAKE A TAXI! THAT'S TOO FAR TO WALK BETWEEN MEALS!

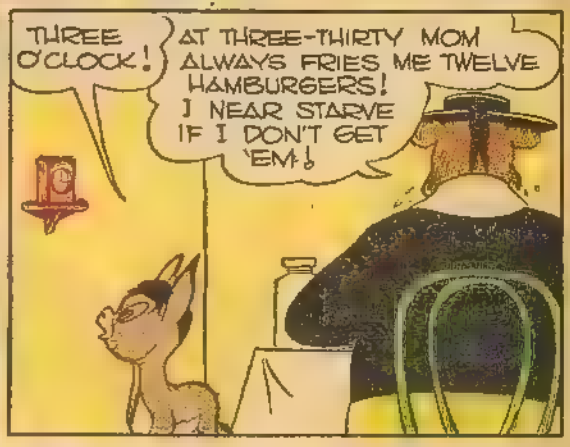

HOW MUCH WILL THIS COST ME, DRIVER?
ABOUT FOUR DOLLARS, BUT IT'LL BE MORE IF I BEND AN AXLE!

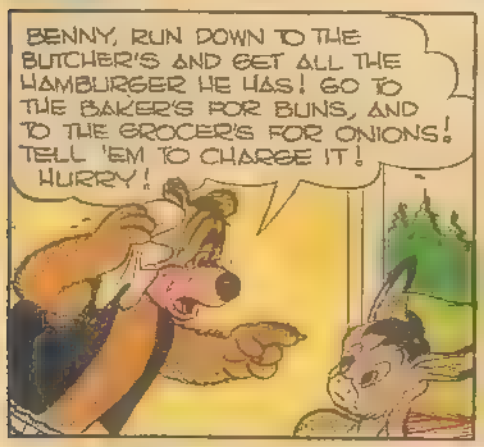

WELL, NEPHEW, THIS IS MY LITTLE HOME! WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT?
DURNED SMALL ICEBOX!


NOT MUCH COLD MEAT STASHED AWAY! AIN'T MORE'N THREE OR FOUR POUNDS!

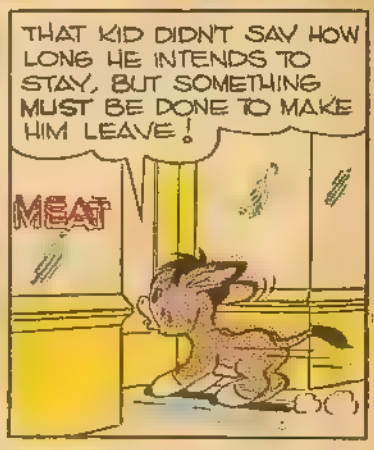
ANY BREAD AN' BUTTER AN' LETTUCE AN' TOMATOES AN' MAYONNAISE AROUND? I WANTA MAKE A SIX-DECKER SANDWICH!

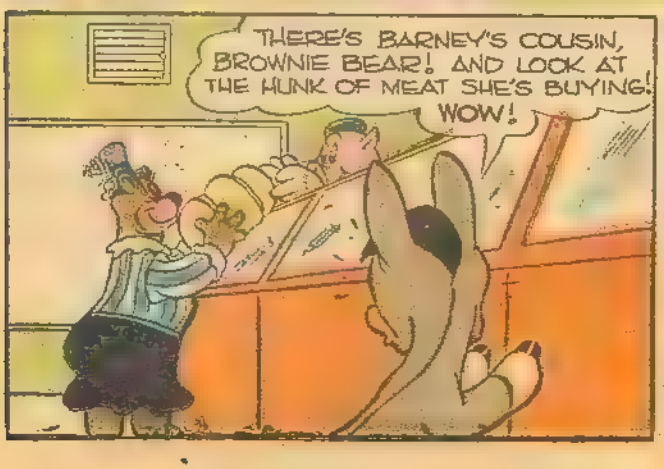

HERE'S EVERYTHING I HAVE IN THE HOUSE! IF YOU WANT MORE —
WHAT TIME IS IT?

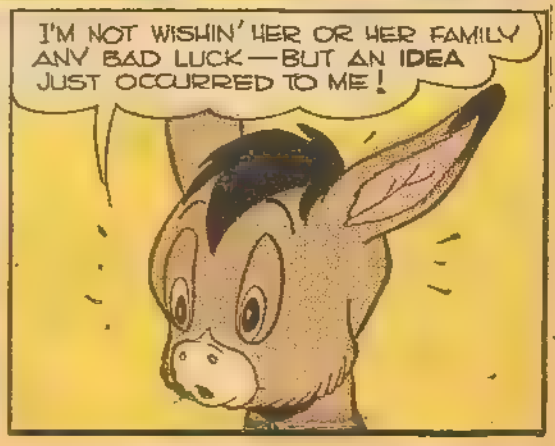

THREE O'CLOCK!
AT THREE-THIRTY MOM ALWAYS FRIES ME TWELVE HAMBURGERS! I NEAR STARVE IF I DON'T GET 'EM!

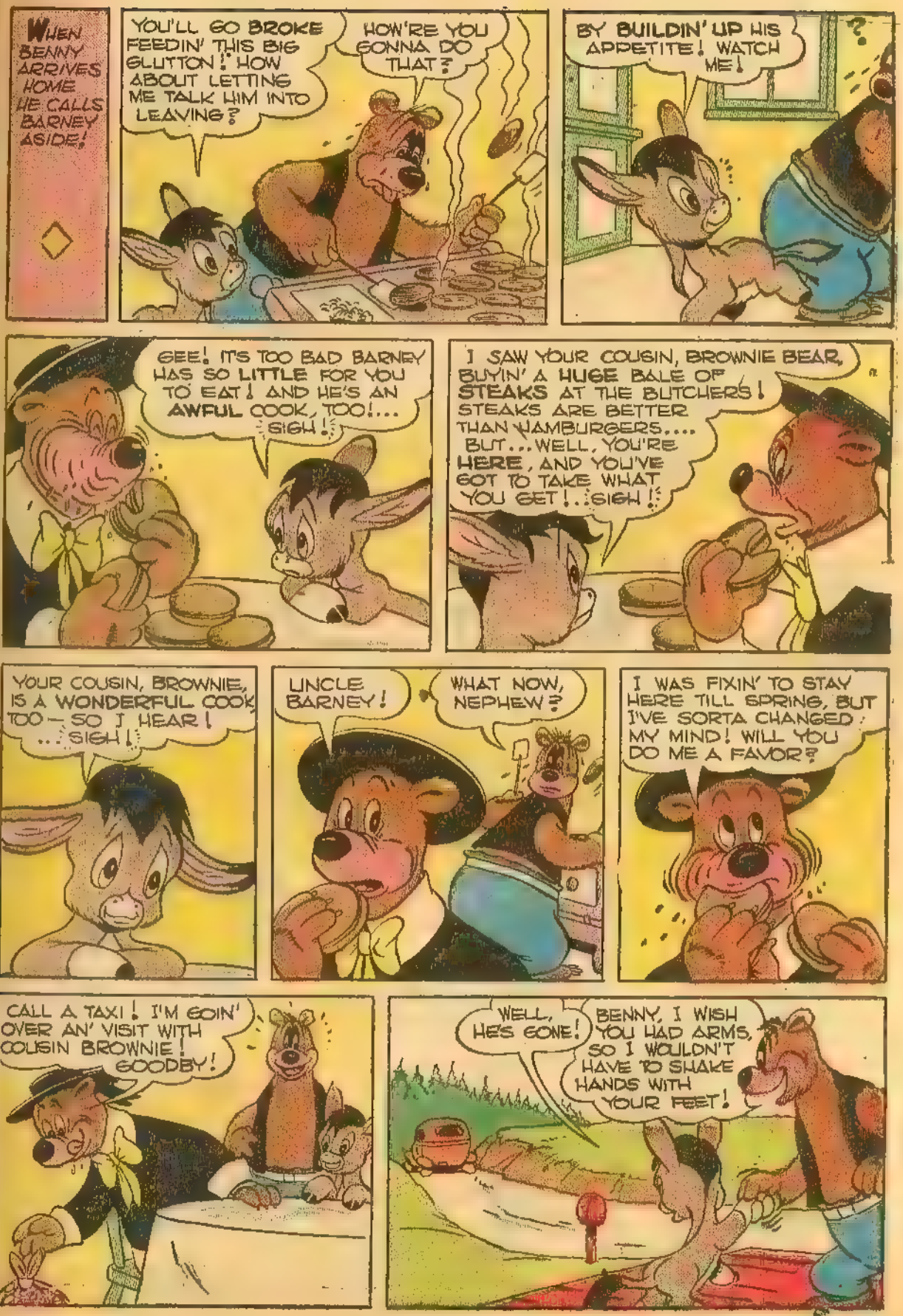

BENNY, RUN DOWN TO THE BUTCHER'S AND GET ALL THE HAMBURGER HE HAS! GO TO THE BAKER'S FOR BUNS, AND TO THE GROCER'S FOR ONIONS! TELL 'EM TO CHARGE IT! HURRY!

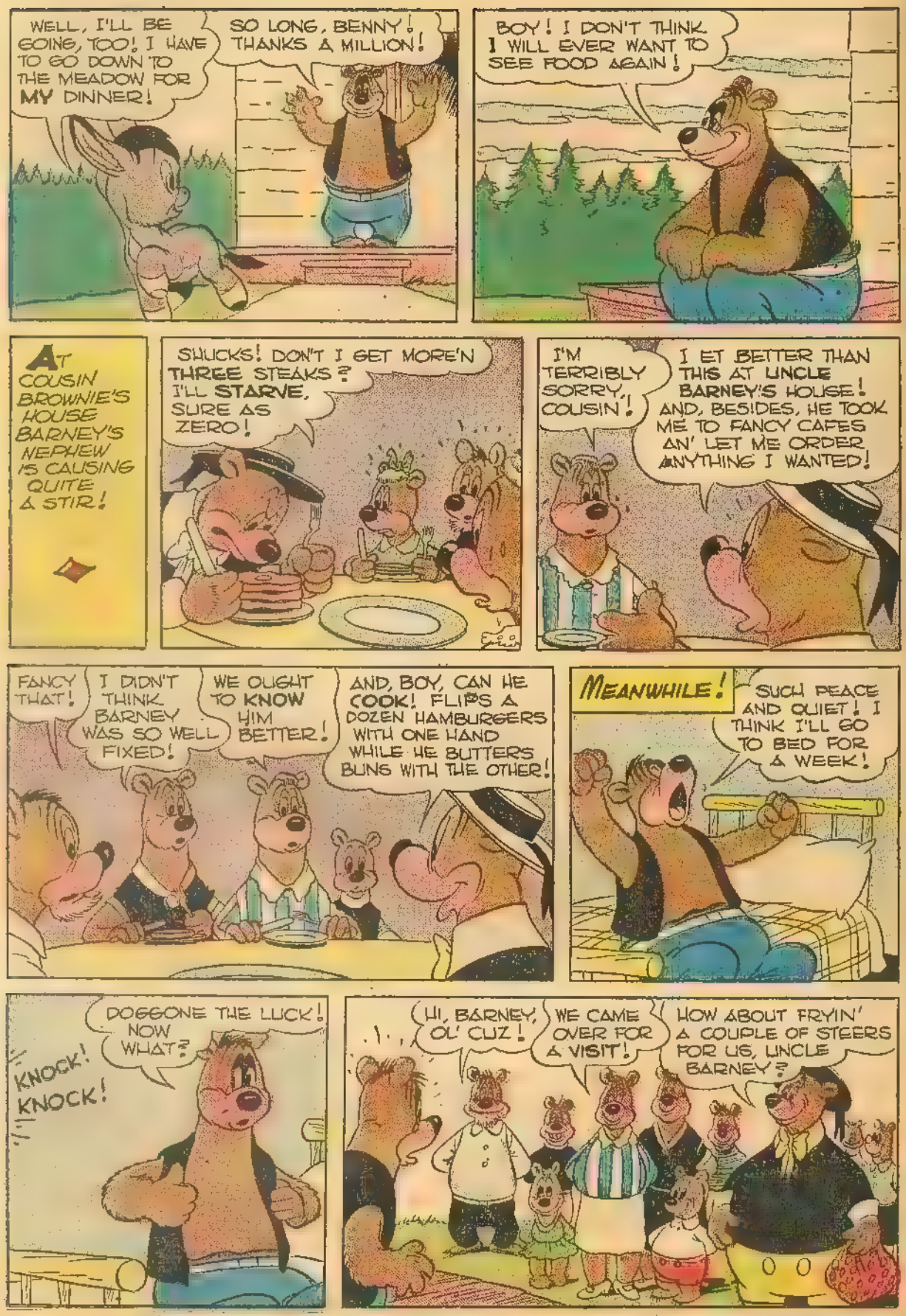
BARNEY CAN'T KEEP THIS UP! HE'LL SOON BE BROKE! I WISH I COULD DO SOMETHING TO HELP HIM!


THAT KID DIDN'T SAY HOW LONG HE INTENDS TO STAY, BUT SOMETHING MUST BE DONE TO MAKE HIM LEAVE!
MEAT


THERE'S BARNEY'S COUSIN, BROWNIE BEAR! AND LOOK AT THE HUNK OF MEAT SHE'S BUYING! WOW!

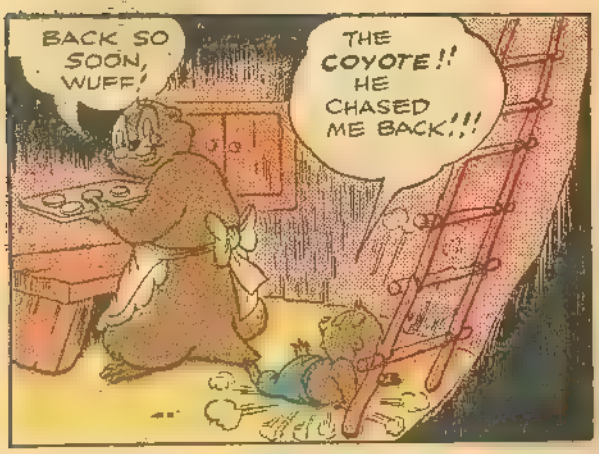

I'M NOT WISHIN' HER OR HER FAMILY ANY BAD LUCK — BUT AN IDEA JUST OCCURRED TO ME!

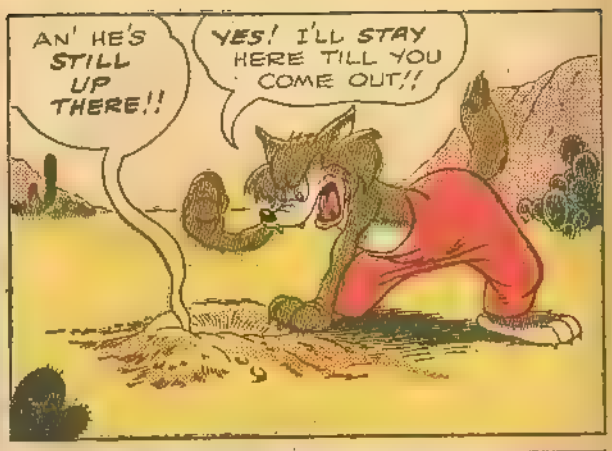

WHEN BENNY ARRIVES HOME HE CALLS BARNEY ASIDE!
YOU'LL GO BROKE FEEDIN' THIS BIG GLUTTON! HOW ABOUT LETTING ME TALK HIM INTO LEAVING?
HOW'RE YOU GONNA DO THAT?
BY BUILDIN' UP HIS APPETITE! WATCH ME!
GEE! IT'S TOO BAD BARNEY HAS SO LITTLE FOR YOU TO EAT! AND HE'S AN AWFUL COOK, TOO!... SIGH!
I SAW YOUR COUSIN, BROWNIE BEAR, BUYIN' A HUGE BALE OF STEAKS AT THE BUTCHERS! STEAKS ARE BETTER THAN HAMBURGERS.... BUT... WELL, YOU'RE HERE, AND YOU'VE GOT TO TAKE WHAT YOU GET!.. SIGH!
YOUR COUSIN, BROWNIE, IS A WONDERFUL COOK TOO — SO I HEAR! ... SIGH!
UNCLE BARNEY!
WHAT NOW, NEPHEW?
I WAS FIXIN' TO STAY HERE TILL SPRING, BUT I'VE SORTA CHANGED MY MIND! WILL YOU DO ME A FAVOR?
CALL A TAXI! I'M GOIN' OVER AN' VISIT WITH COUSIN BROWNIE! GOODBY!
WELL, HE'S GONE!
BENNY, I WISH YOU HAD ARMS, SO I WOULDN'T HAVE TO SHAKE HANDS WITH YOUR FEET!

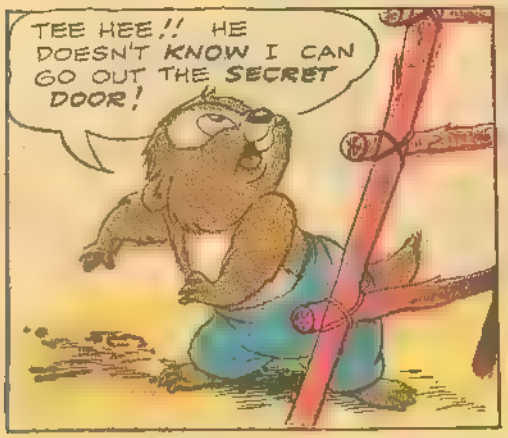


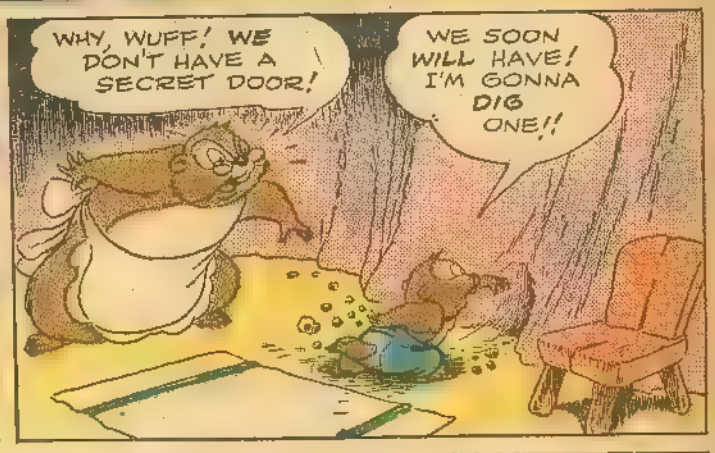
BARNEY BEAR and BENNY BURRO appearing in M-G-M pictures

M-G-M CARTOONS present WUFF, the PRAIRIE DOG
MAY I GO OVER AND PLAY WITH CHUBBY SQUIRREL, MOTHER?
YES, BUT BEWARE OF THE COYOTE!! HE'S LOOKING MIGHTY HUNGRY THESE DAYS!
I WILL, MOTHER! I WILL! I'LL BE VERY CAREFUL!
PESKY OL' COYOTE! I WISH HE'D LEAVE US PRAIRIE DOGS ALONE!!
HE'S ALWAYS TAKIN' THE JOY OUTA LIFE!!
UH...OH!!
IT'S THE COYOTE!!
WHY... ..YOU.. !!
I'LL GET YOU IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!!

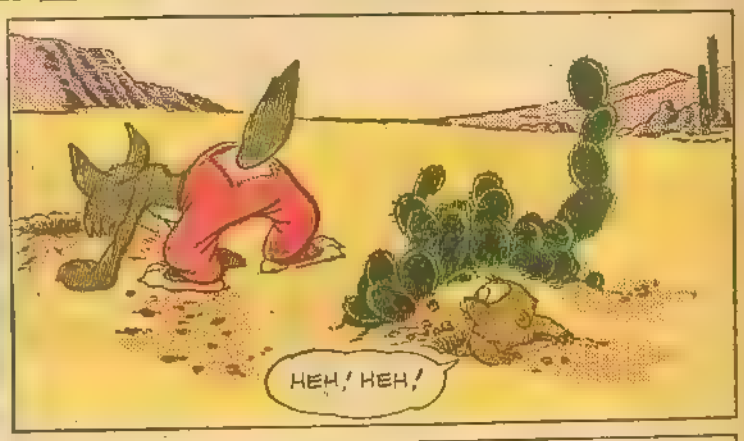

BACK SO SOON, WUFF!
THE COYOTE!! HE CHASED ME BACK!!!

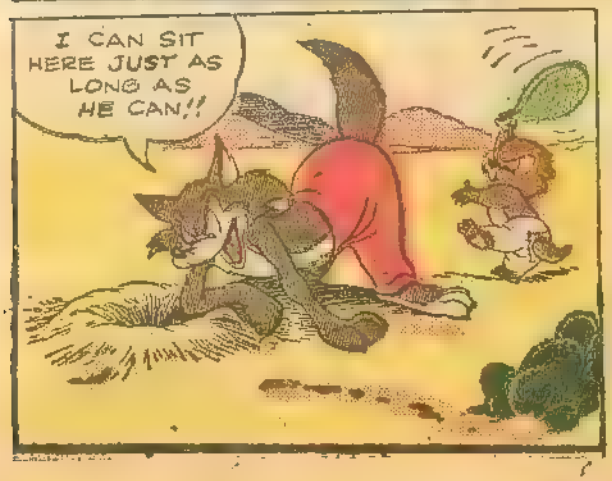

AN' HE'S STILL UP THERE!!
YES! I'LL STAY HERE TILL YOU COME OUT!!

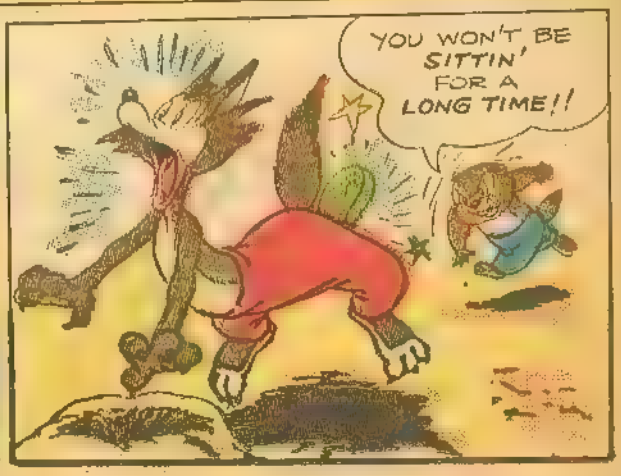

TEE HEE!! HE DOESN'T KNOW I CAN GO OUT THE SECRET DOOR!

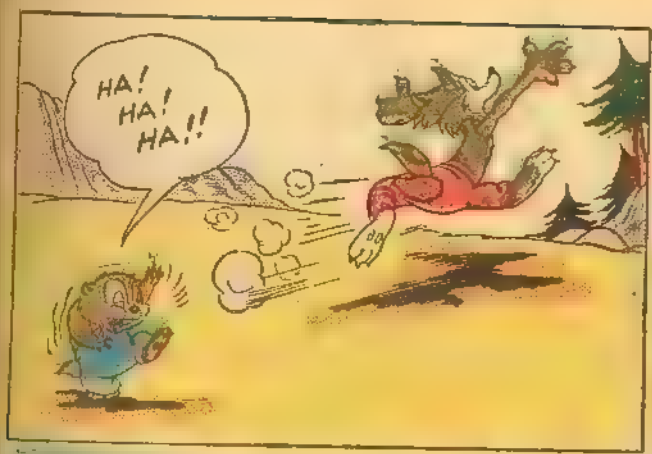

WHY, WUFF! WE DON'T HAVE A SECRET DOOR!
WE SOON WILL HAVE! I'M GONNA DIG ONE!!

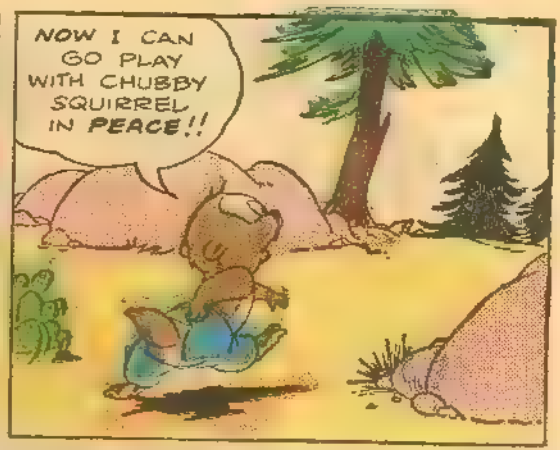
I'LL FIX THAT OL' COYOTE... ... AN' GOOD!!

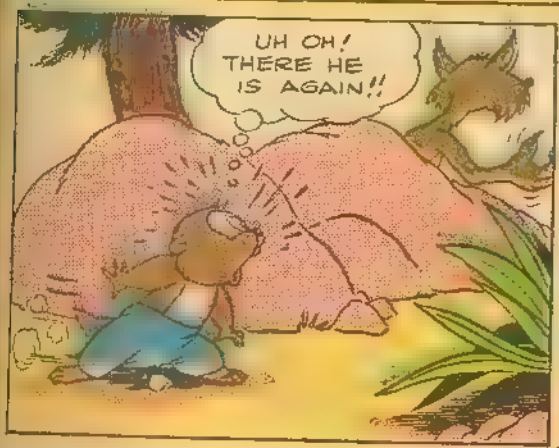

HEH! HEH!

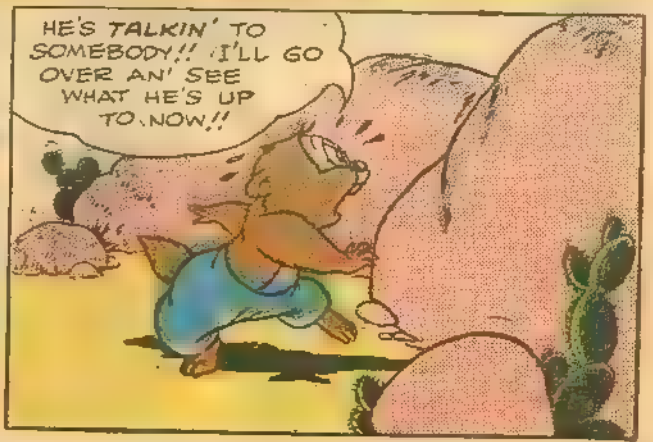

I CAN SIT HERE JUST AS LONG AS HE CAN!!

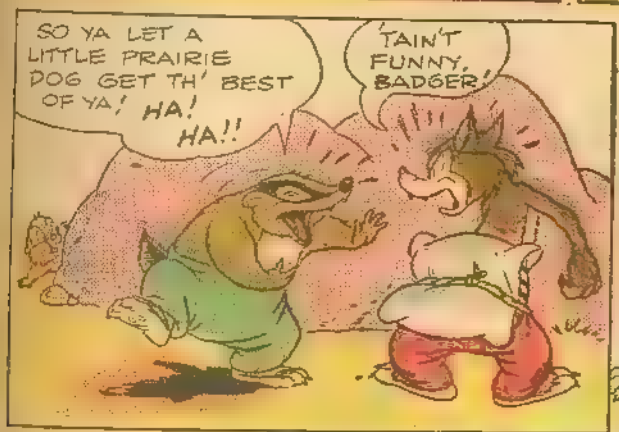

YOU WON'T BE SITTIN' FOR A LONG TIME!!

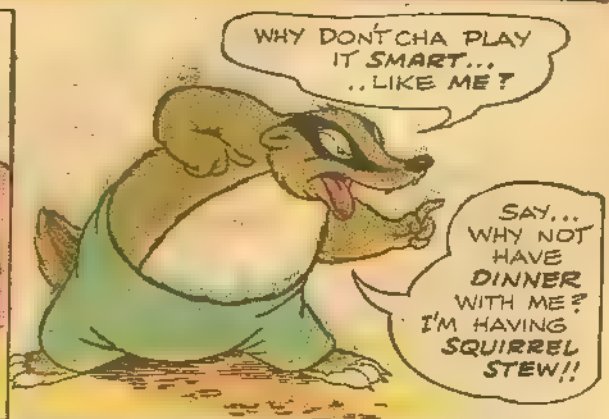

HA! HA! HA!!

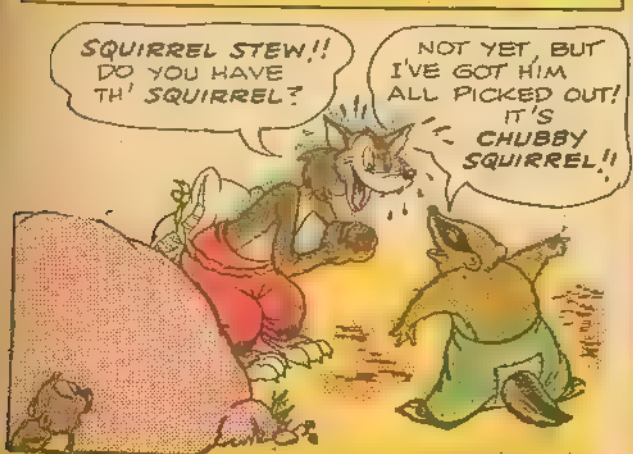

NOW I CAN GO PLAY WITH CHUBBY SQUIRREL IN PEACE!!

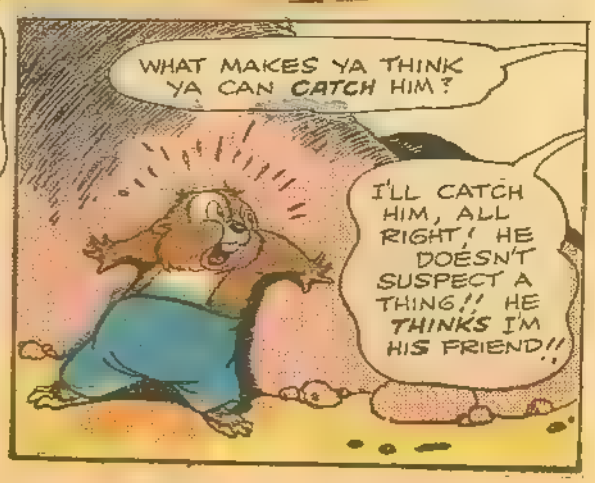

UH OH! THERE HE IS AGAIN!!

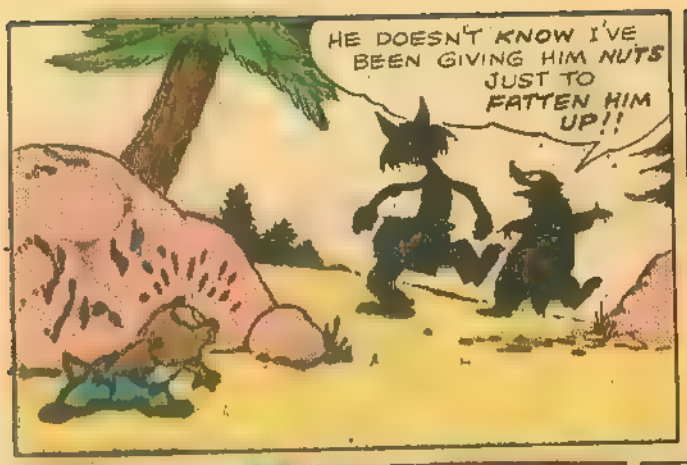

HE'S TALKIN' TO SOMEBODY!! I'LL GO OVER AN' SEE WHAT HE'S UP TO NOW!!

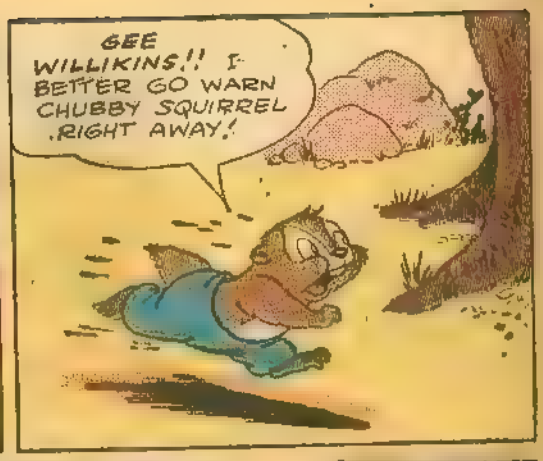

SO YA LET A LITTLE PRAIRIE DOG GET TH' BEST OF YA! HA! HA!!
'TAIN'T FUNNY, BADGER!

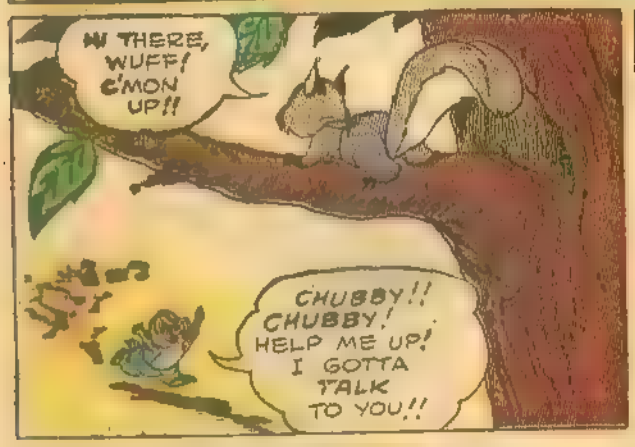

WHY DON'TCHA PLAY IT SMART... ..LIKE ME?
SAY... WHY NOT HAVE DINNER WITH ME? I'M HAVING SQUIRREL STEW!!

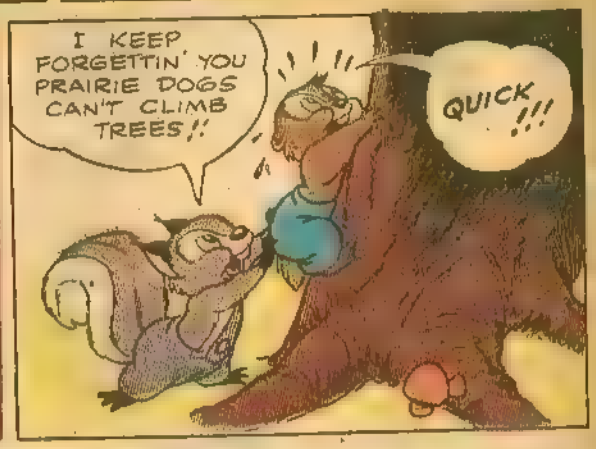

SQUIRREL STEW!! DO YOU HAVE TH' SQUIRREL?
NOT YET, BUT I'VE GOT HIM ALL PICKED OUT! IT'S CHUBBY SQUIRREL!!

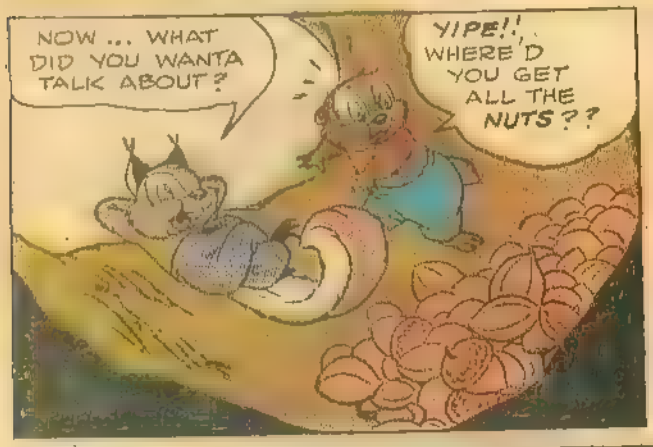

WHAT MAKES YA THINK YA CAN CATCH HIM?
I'LL CATCH HIM, ALL RIGHT! HE DOESN'T SUSPECT A THING!! HE THINKS I'M HIS FRIEND!!

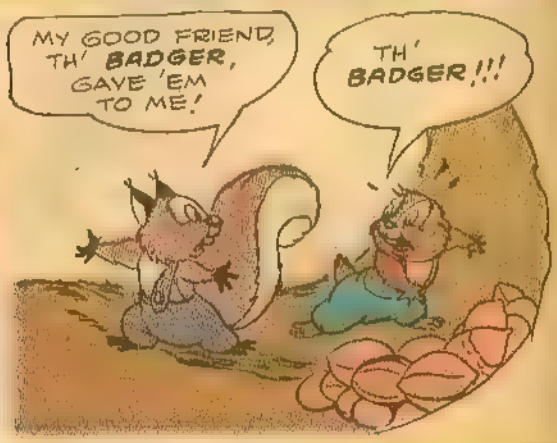

HE DOESN'T KNOW I'VE BEEN GIVING HIM NUTS JUST TO FATTEN HIM UP!!

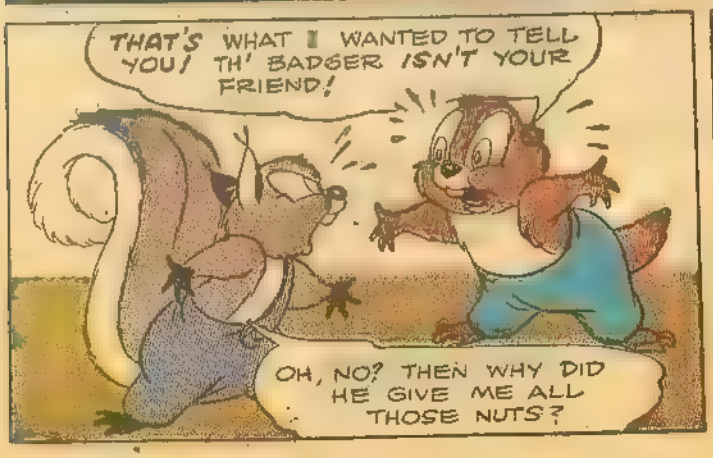

GEE WILLIKINS!! I BETTER GO WARN CHUBBY SQUIRREL RIGHT AWAY!

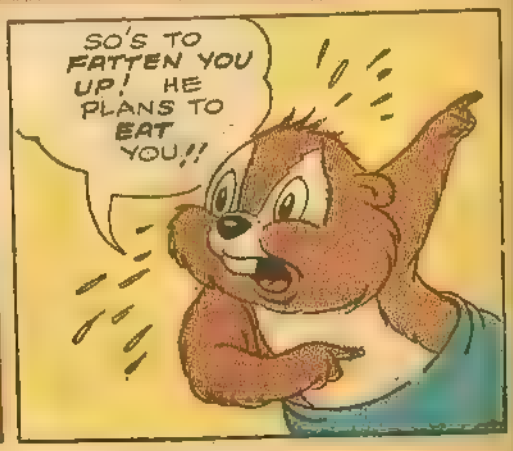

THERE, WUFF! C'MON UP!!
CHUBBY!! CHUBBY! HELP ME UP! I GOTTA TALK TO YOU!!

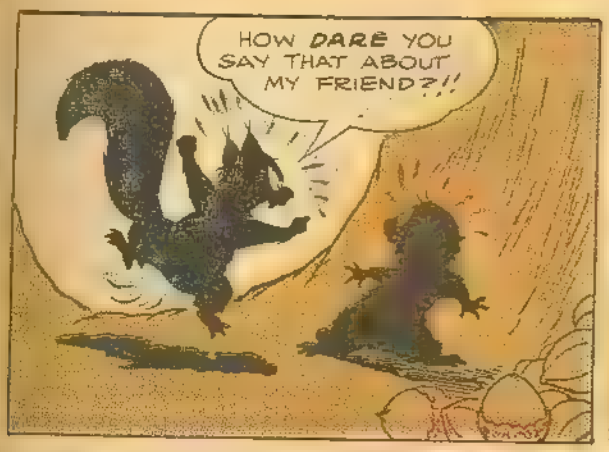

I KEEP FORGETTIN' YOU PRAIRIE DOGS CAN'T CLIMB TREES!!
QUICK!!!

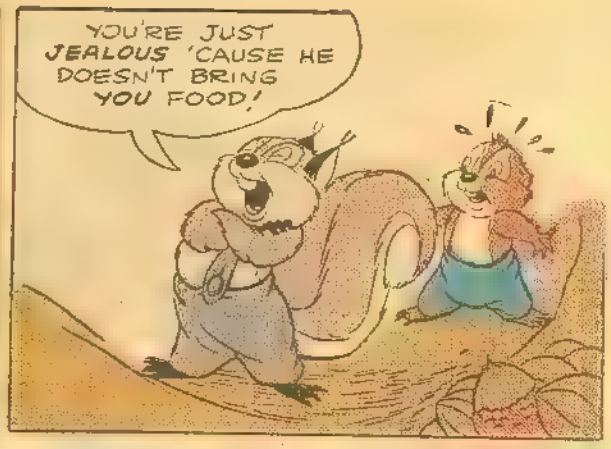

NOW ... WHAT DID YOU WANTA TALK ABOUT?
YIPE!! WHERE'D YOU GET ALL THE NUTS??


MY GOOD FRIEND, TH' BADGER, GAVE 'EM TO ME!
TH' BADGER!!!


THAT'S WHAT I WANTED TO TELL YOU! TH' BADGER ISN'T YOUR FRIEND!
OH, NO? THEN WHY DID HE GIVE ME ALL THOSE NUTS?

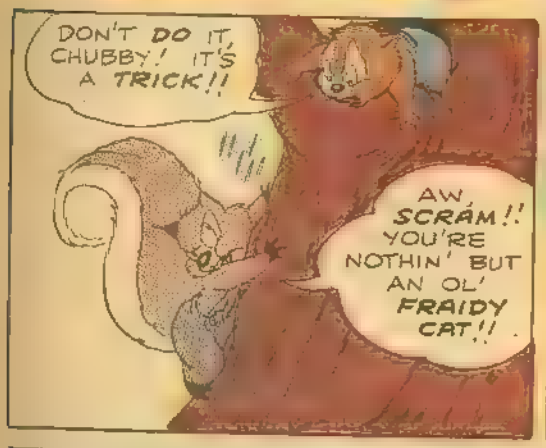

SO'S TO FATTEN YOU UP! HE PLANS TO EAT YOU!!

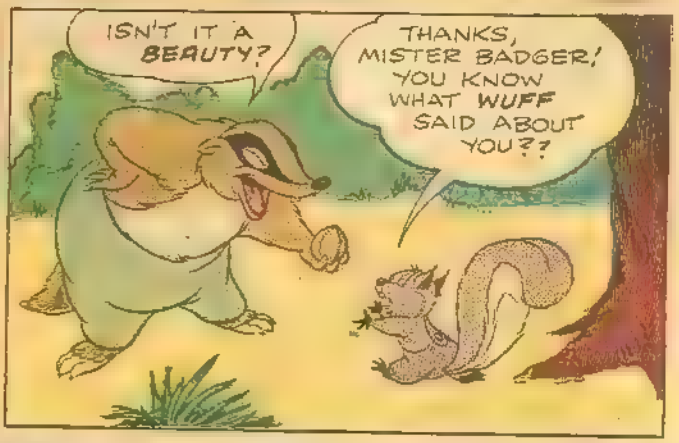

HOW DARE YOU SAY THAT ABOUT MY FRIEND?!!


YOU'RE JUST JEALOUS 'CAUSE HE DOESN'T BRING YOU FOOD!

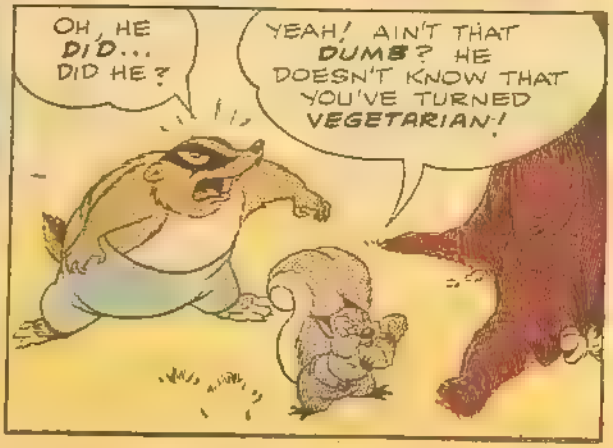
YOO HOO! CHUBBY! IT'S YOUR OLD FRIEND! YOO HOO!

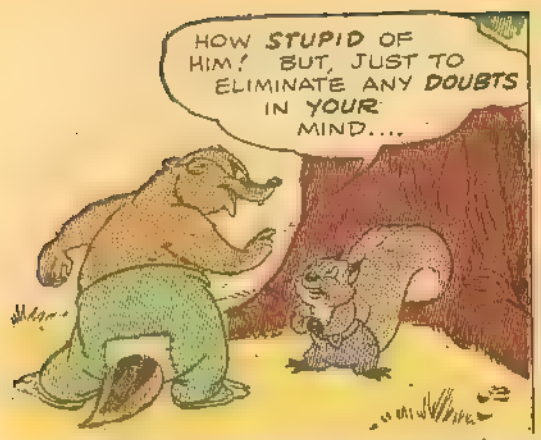
COME ON DOWN! I HAVE ANOTHER NUT FOR YOU!!

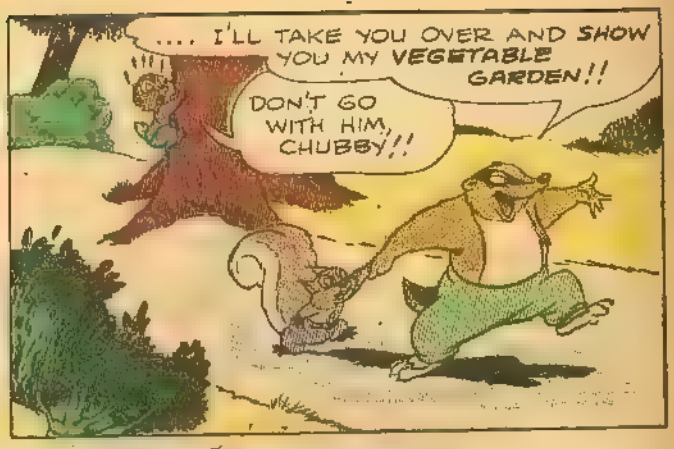

DON'T DO IT, CHUBBY! IT'S A TRICK!!
AW, SCRAM!! YOU'RE NOTHIN' BUT AN OL' FRAIDY CAT!!

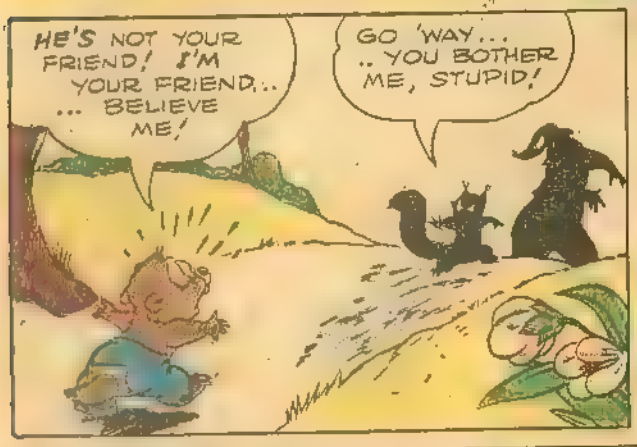

ISN'T IT A BEAUTY?
THANKS, MISTER BADGER! YOU KNOW WHAT WUFF SAID ABOUT YOU??

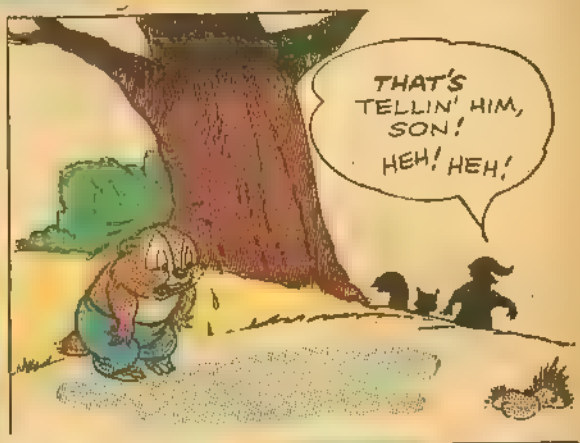
HE SAID YOU WERE ONLY GIVIN' ME THESE NUTS TO FATTEN ME UP, SO'S YOU COULD EAT ME!

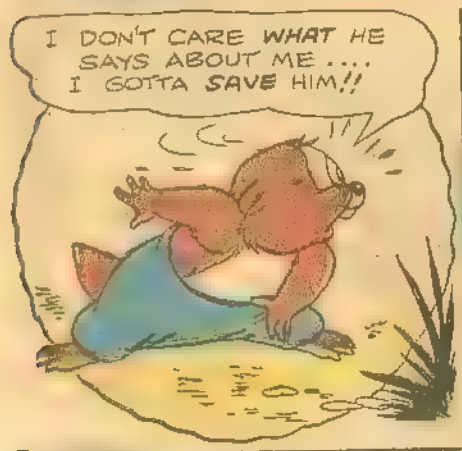

OH, HE DID... DID HE?
YEAH! AIN'T THAT DUMB? HE DOESN'T KNOW THAT YOU'VE TURNED VEGETARIAN!

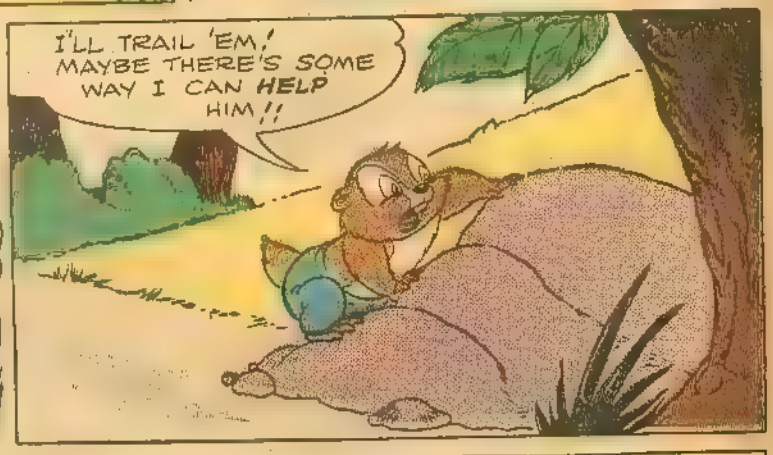

HOW STUPID OF HIM! BUT, JUST TO ELIMINATE ANY DOUBTS IN YOUR MIND....

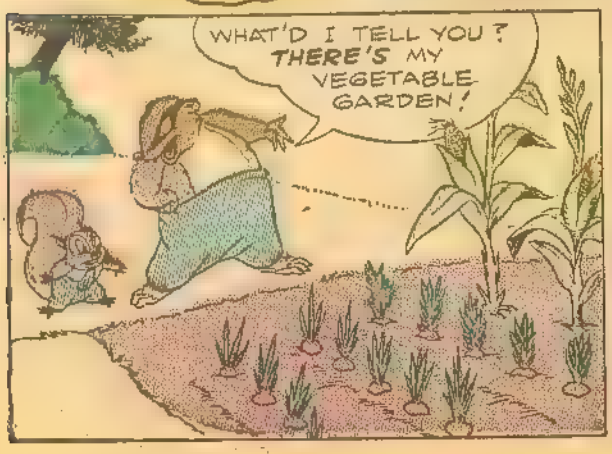

.... I'LL TAKE YOU OVER AND SHOW YOU MY VEGETABLE GARDEN!!
DON'T GO WITH HIM, CHUBBY!!


HE'S NOT YOUR FRIEND! I'M YOUR FRIEND... ... BELIEVE ME!
GO 'WAY... .. YOU BOTHER ME, STUPID!

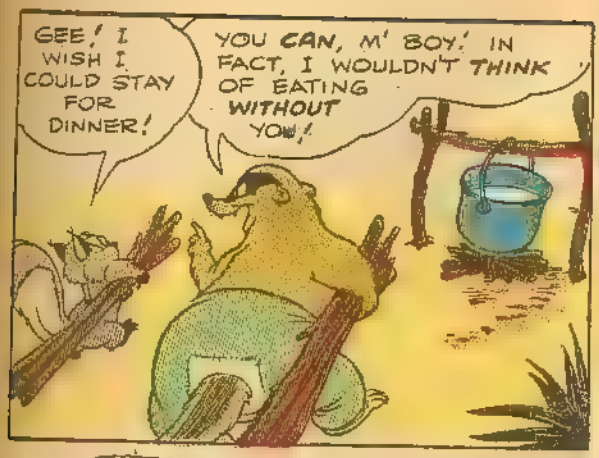

THAT'S TELLIN' HIM, SON! HEH! HEH!

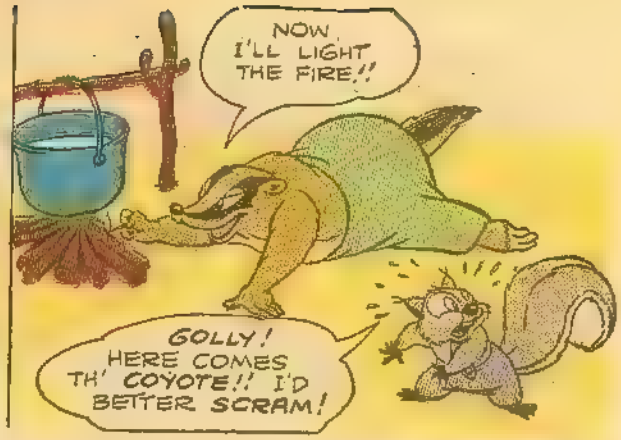

I DON'T CARE WHAT HE SAYS ABOUT ME .... I GOTTA SAVE HIM!!

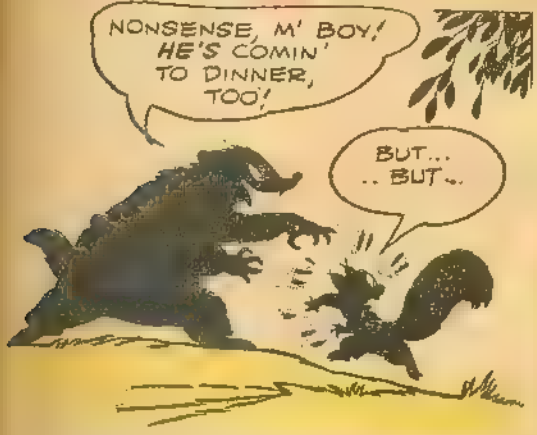

I'LL TRAIL 'EM! MAYBE THERE'S SOME WAY I CAN HELP HIM!!

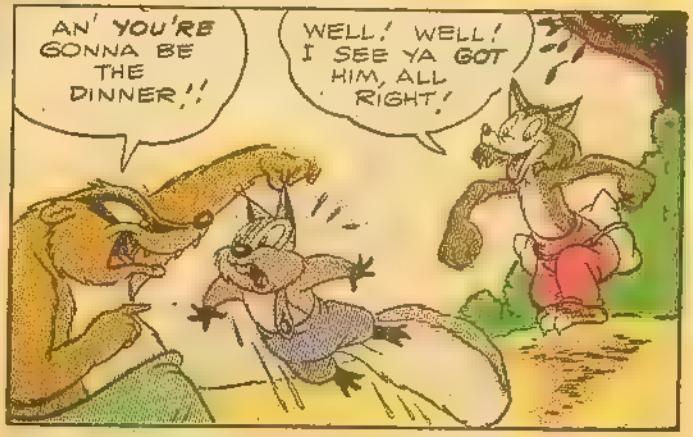

WHAT'D I TELL YOU? THERE'S MY VEGETABLE GARDEN!

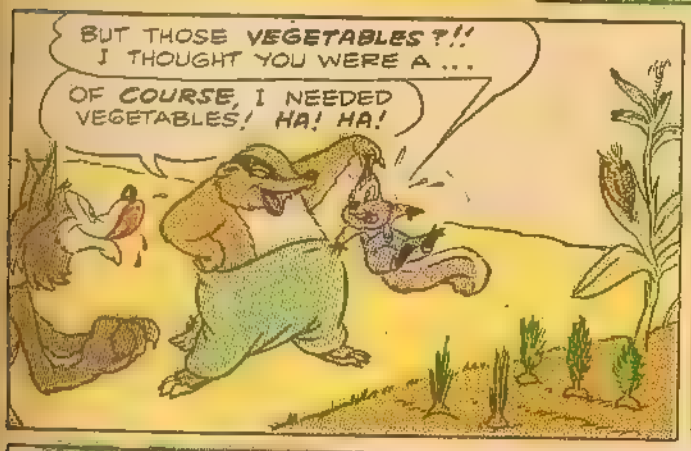
AN' IS THIS WHAT YA COOK 'EM IN?
YES, INDEEDY! YOU MAY HELP ME GATHER WOOD FOR THE FIRE!

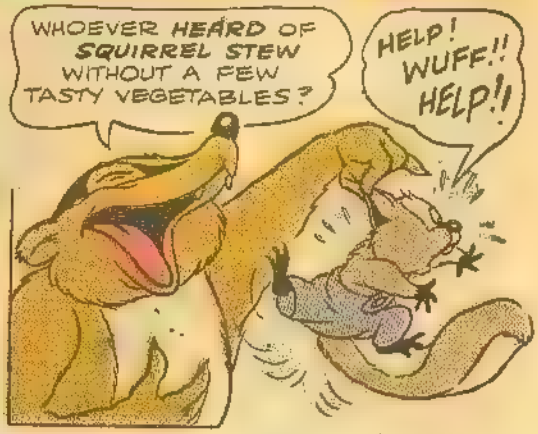

GEE! I WISH I COULD STAY FOR DINNER!
YOU CAN, M' BOY! IN FACT, I WOULDN'T THINK OF EATING WITHOUT YOU!

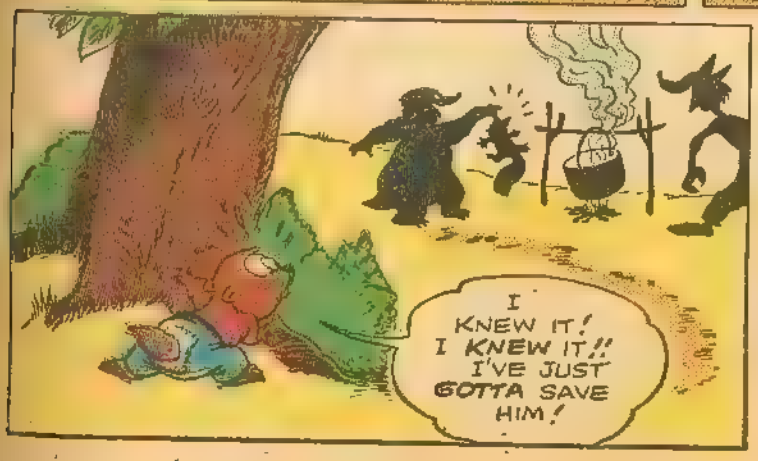

NOW I'LL LIGHT THE FIRE!!
GOLLY! HERE COMES TH' COYOTE!! I'D BETTER SCRAM!

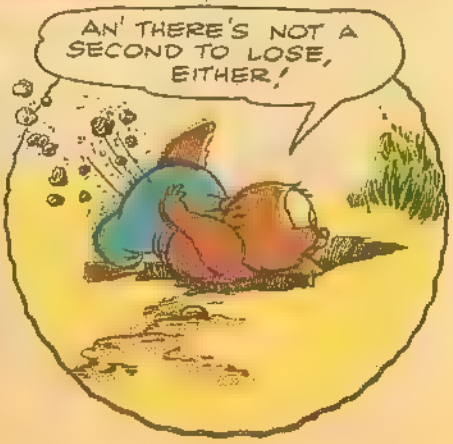

NONSENSE, M' BOY! HE'S COMIN' TO DINNER, TOO!
BUT... ..BUT...

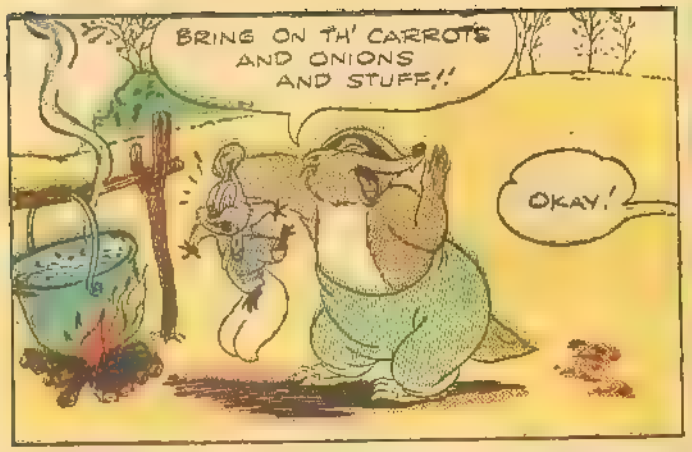

AN' YOU'RE GONNA BE THE DINNER!!
WELL! WELL! I SEE YA GOT HIM, ALL RIGHT!

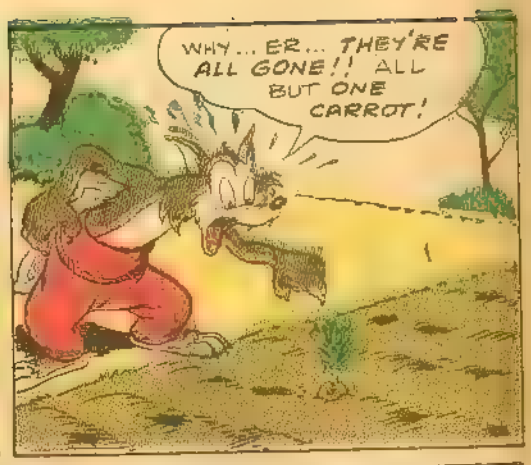

BUT THOSE VEGETABLES?!! I THOUGHT YOU WERE A...
OF COURSE, I NEEDED VEGETABLES! HA! HA!

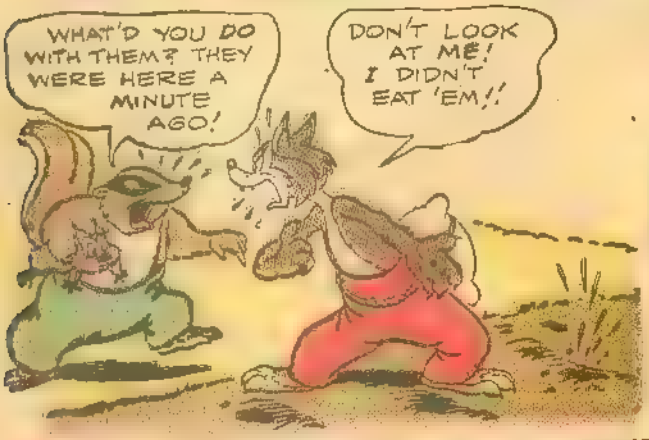

WHOEVER HEARD OF SQUIRREL STEW WITHOUT A FEW TASTY VEGETABLES?
HELP! WUFF!! HELP!!

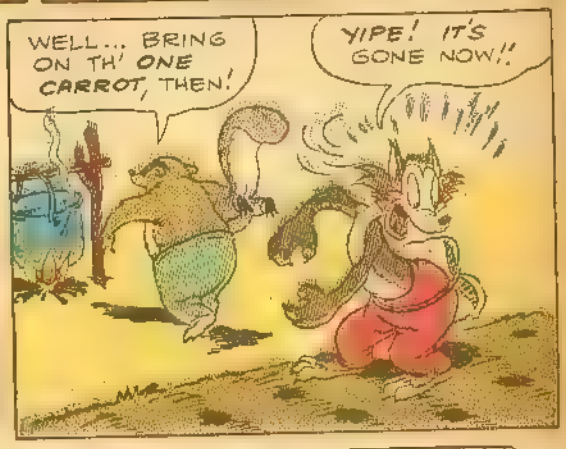

I KNEW IT! I KNEW IT!! I'VE JUST GOTTA SAVE HIM!

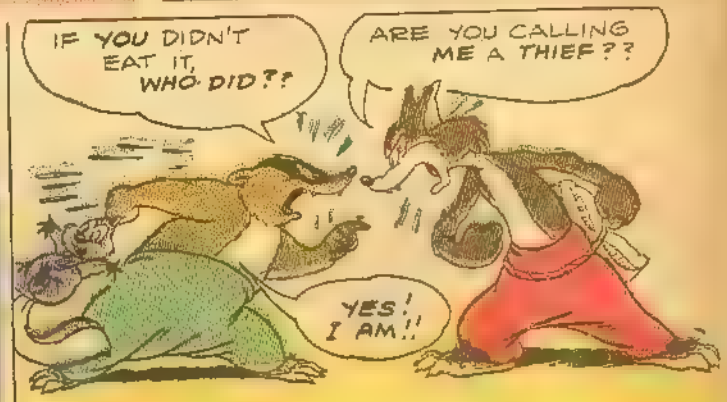

AN' THERE'S NOT A SECOND TO LOSE, EITHER!

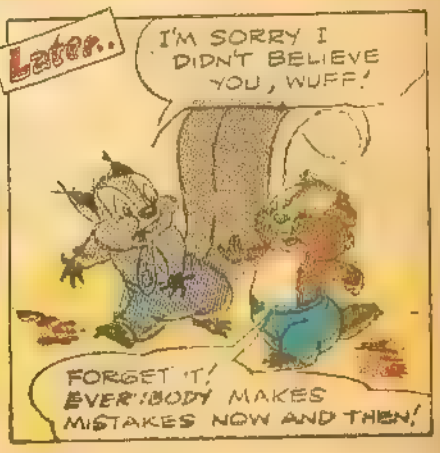




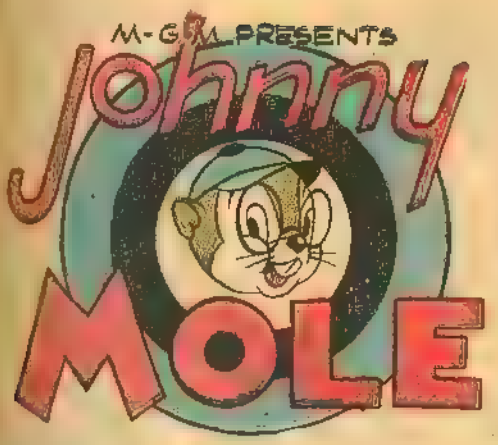


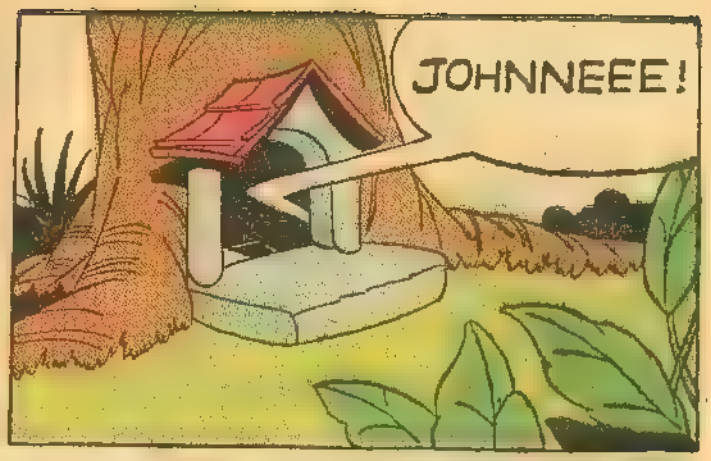


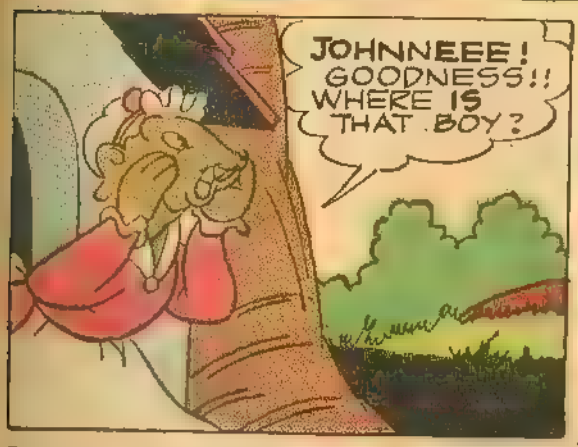


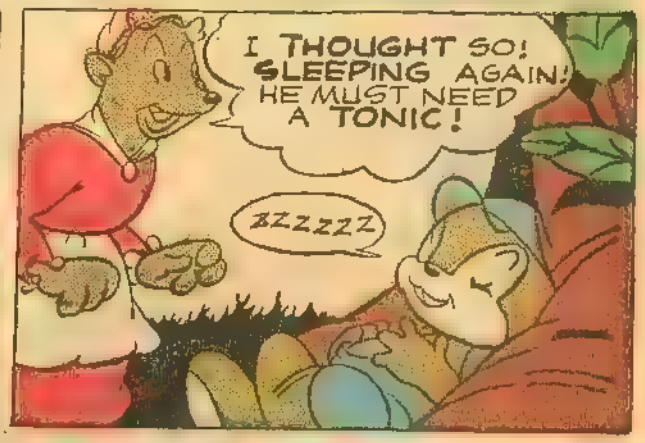


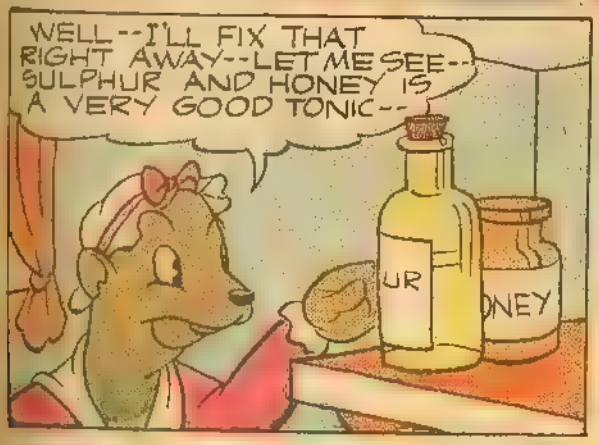
M-G-M CARTOONS distributed by Loew's Incorporated


M-G-M PRESENTS
Johnny
MOLE

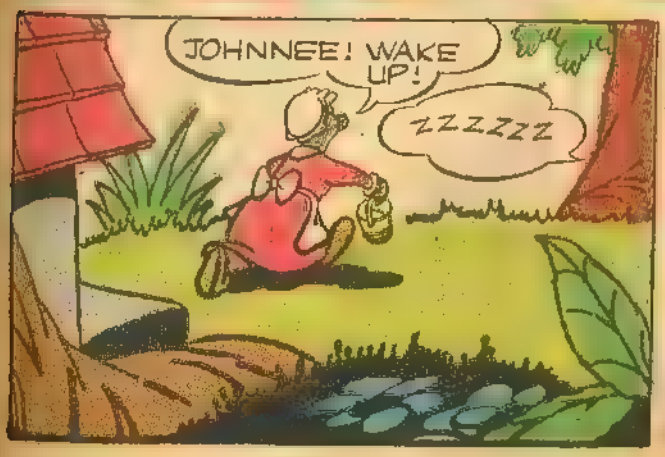

JOHNNEEE!

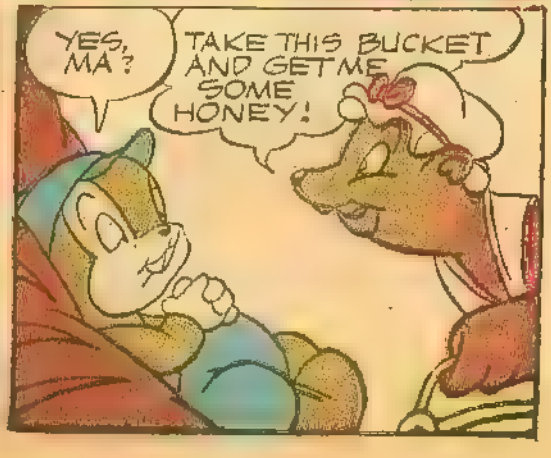

JOHNNEEE! GOODNESS!! WHERE IS THAT BOY?

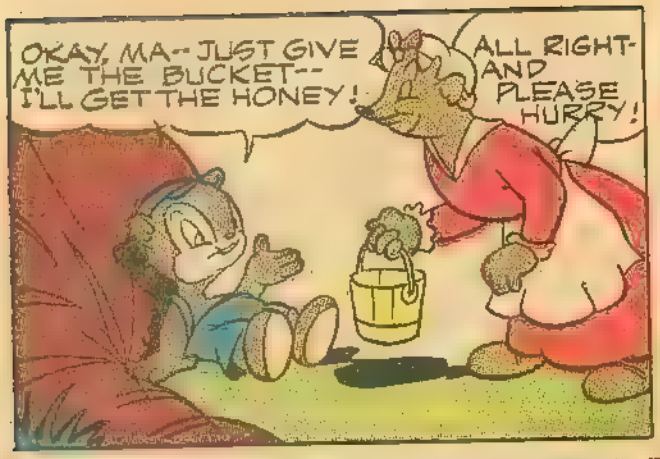

I THOUGHT SO! SLEEPING AGAIN! HE MUST NEED A TONIC!
ZZZZZZ

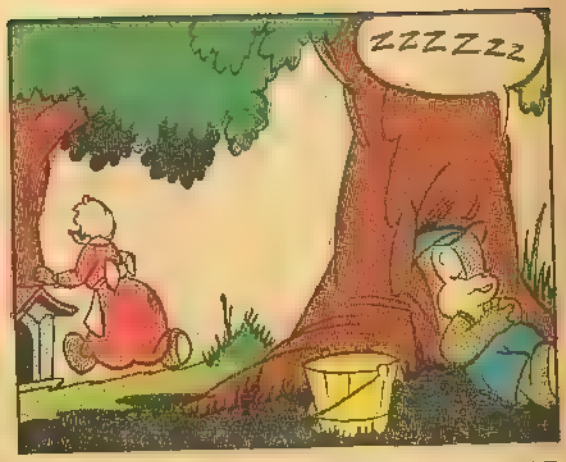

WELL--I'LL FIX THAT RIGHT AWAY--LET ME SEE--SULPHUR AND HONEY IS A VERY GOOD TONIC--
UR
NEY

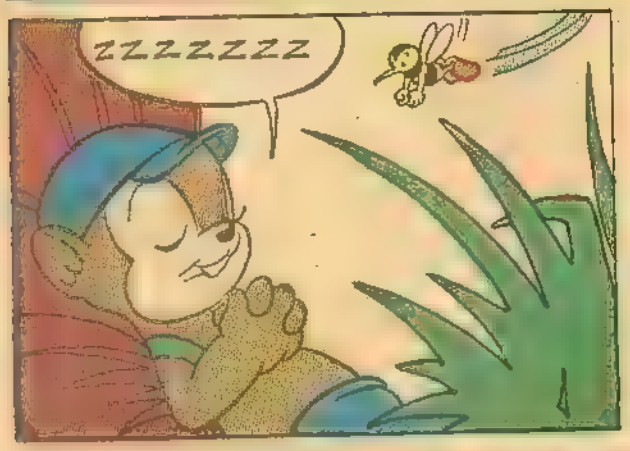
THERE'S PLENTY OF SULPHUR BUT THE HONEY JAR IS EMPTY!
NEY

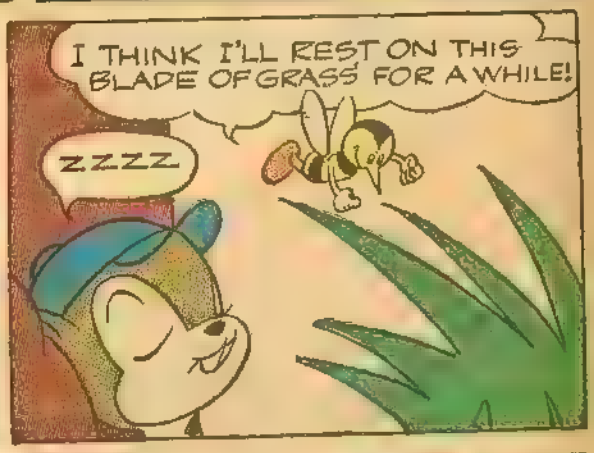

JOHNNEE! WAKE UP!
ZZZZZZ

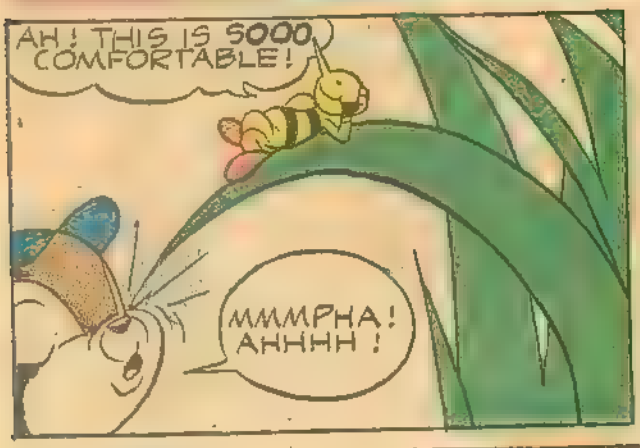

YES, MA?
TAKE THIS BUCKET AND GET ME SOME HONEY!

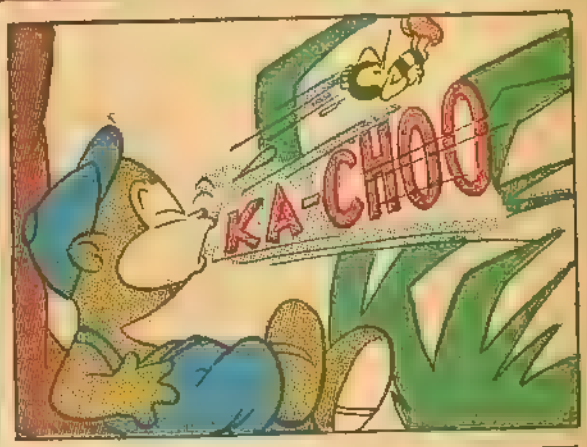

OKAY, MA-- JUST GIVE ME THE BUCKET-- I'LL GET THE HONEY!
ALL RIGHT- AND PLEASE HURRY!

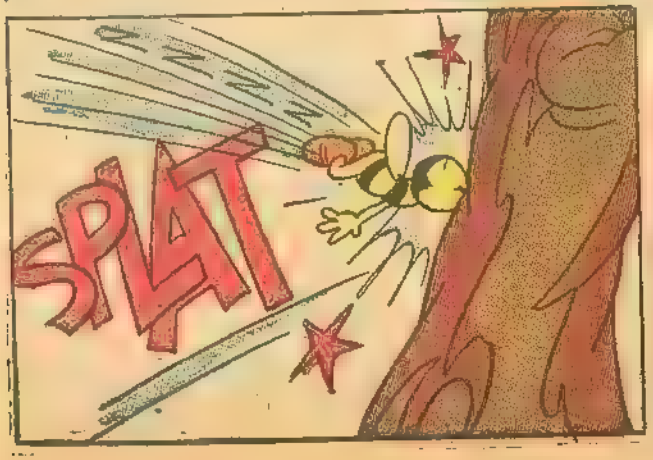

ZZZZZZ

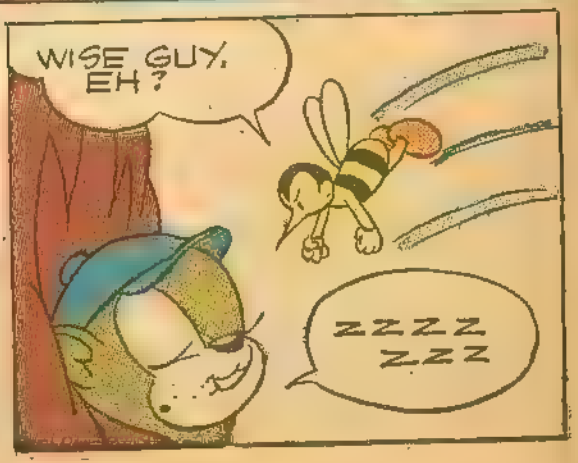

ZZZZZZZ

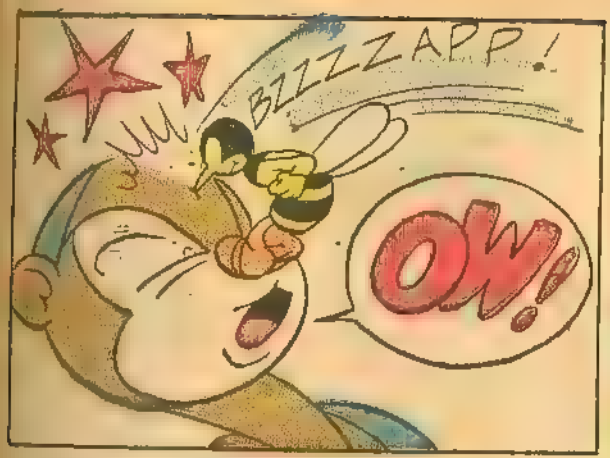

I THINK I'LL REST ON THIS BLADE OF GRASS FOR A WHILE!
ZZZZ

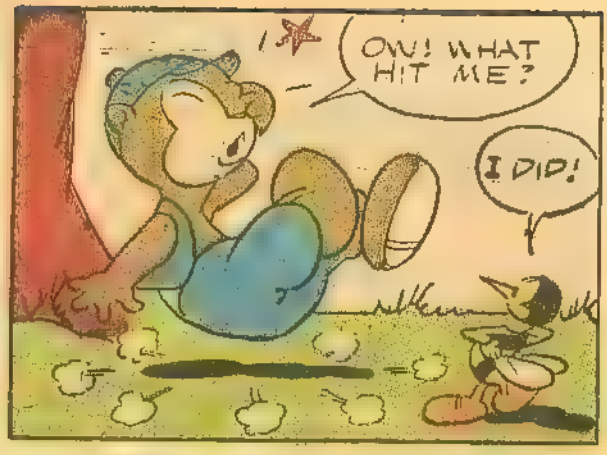

AH! THIS IS SOOO COMFORTABLE!
MMMPHA! AHHHH!

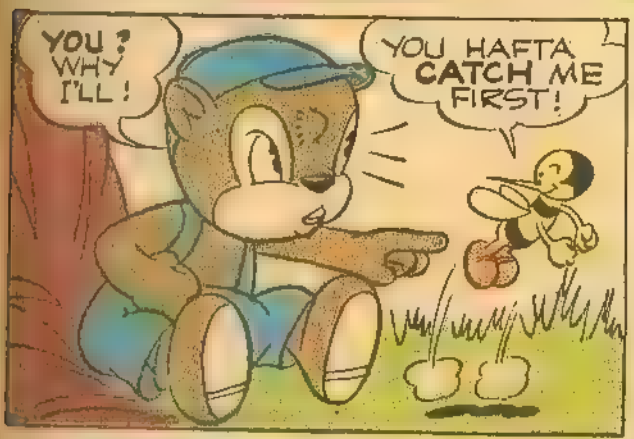

KA-CHOO

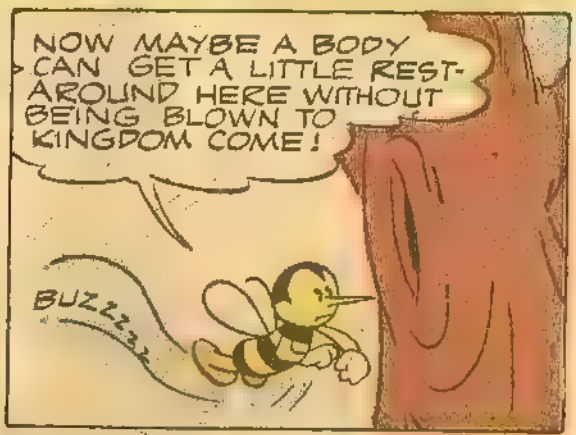

SPLAT

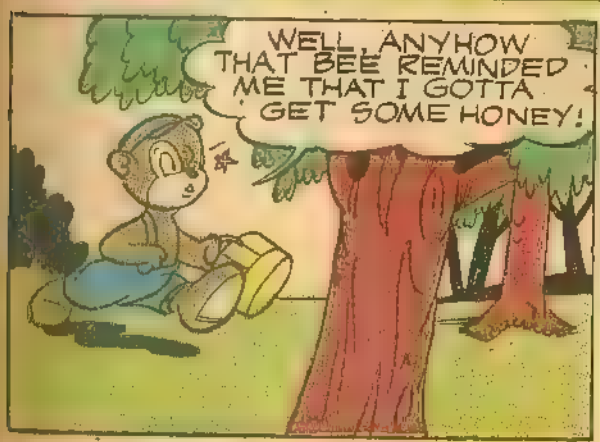

WISE GUY, EH?
ZZZZ ZZZ

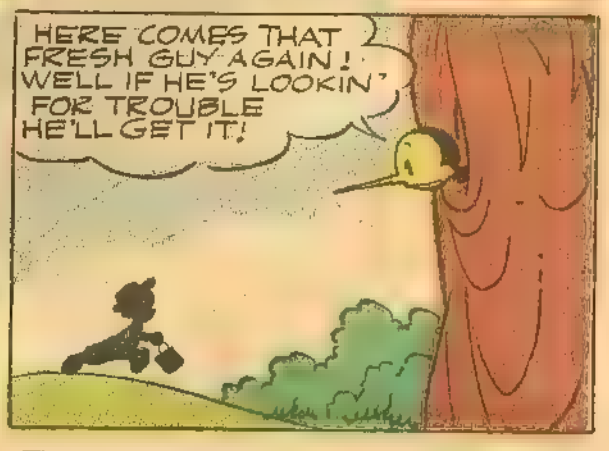

BZZZZAPP!
OW!

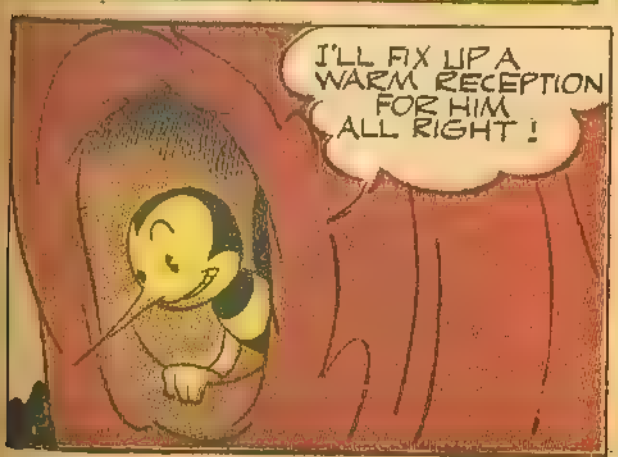

OW! WHAT HIT ME?
I DID!

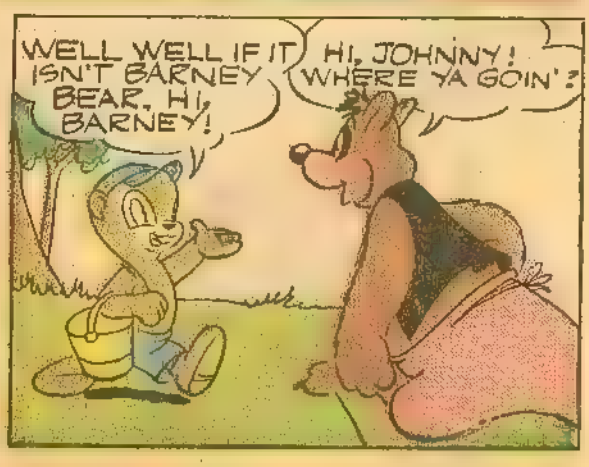

YOU? WHY I'LL!
YOU HAFTA CATCH ME FIRST!

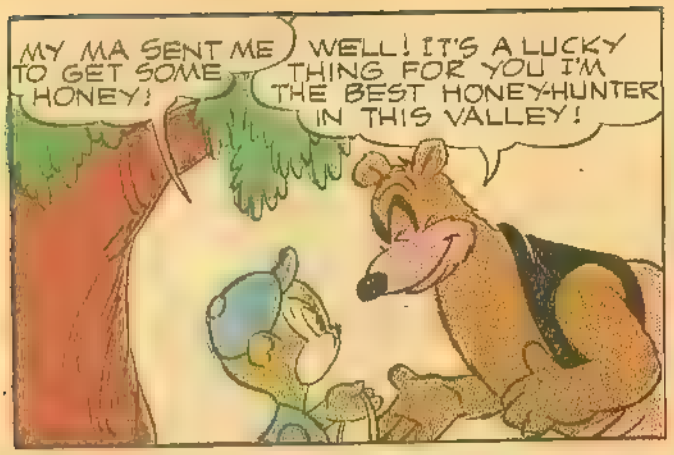

NOW MAYBE A BODY CAN GET A LITTLE REST-AROUND HERE WITHOUT BEING BLOWN TO KINGDOM COME!
BUZZZZZ

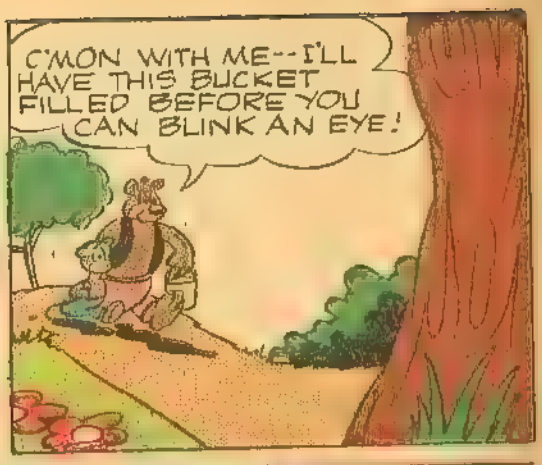

WELL, ANYHOW THAT BEE REMINDED ME THAT I GOTTA GET SOME HONEY!


HERE COMES THAT FRESH GUY AGAIN! WELL IF HE'S LOOKIN' FOR TROUBLE HE'LL GET IT!

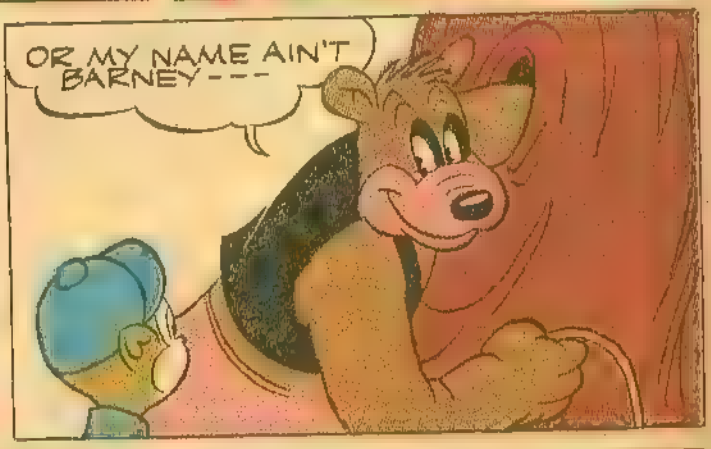

I'LL FIX UP A WARM RECEPTION FOR HIM ALL RIGHT!

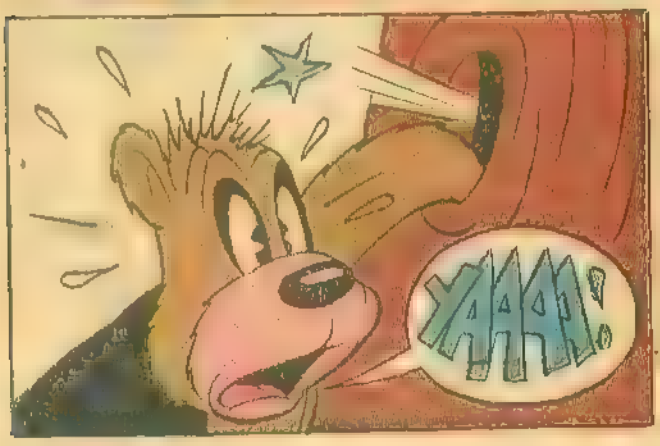

WELL WELL IF IT ISN'T BARNEY BEAR. HI, BARNEY!
HI, JOHNNY! WHERE YA GOIN'?

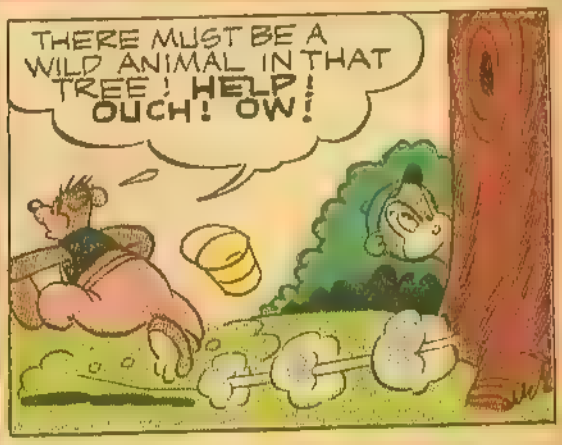

MY MA SENT ME TO GET SOME HONEY!
WELL! IT'S A LUCKY THING FOR YOU I'M THE BEST HONEY-HUNTER IN THIS VALLEY!

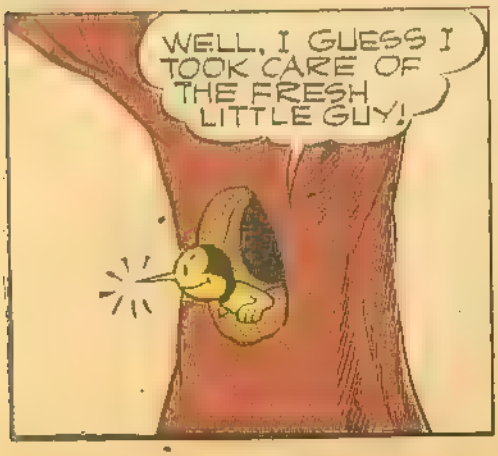

C'MON WITH ME--I'LL HAVE THIS BUCKET FILLED BEFORE YOU CAN BLINK AN EYE!

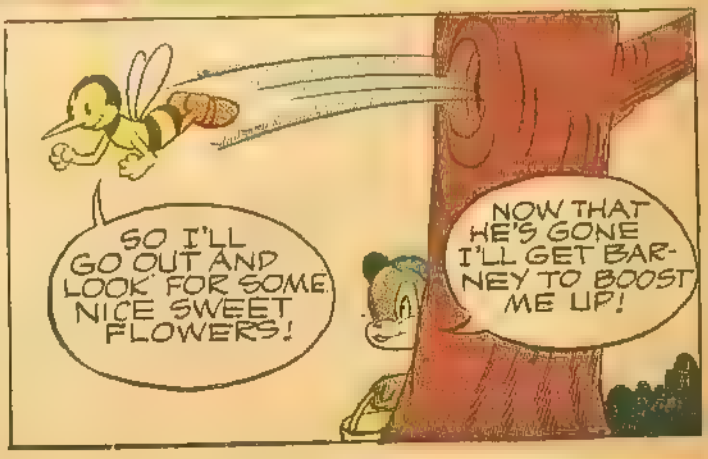
AHA! LET'S NOT GO ONE STEP FURTHER! THIS IS A BEE'S HONEY HAVEN!


OR MY NAME AIN'T BARNEY---


YAAA!


THERE MUST BE A WILD ANIMAL IN THAT TREE! HELP! OUCH! OW!


WELL, I GUESS I TOOK CARE OF THE FRESH LITTLE GUY!

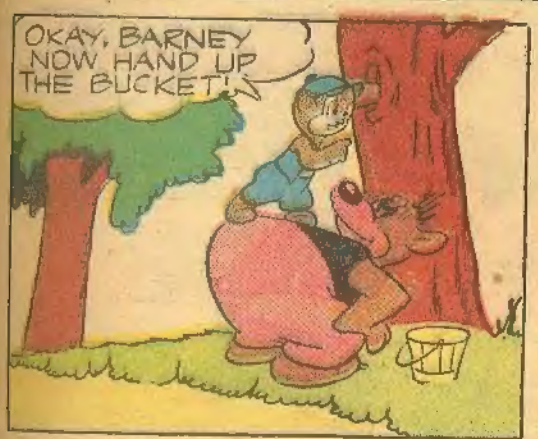

SO I'LL GO OUT AND LOOK FOR SOME NICE SWEET FLOWERS!
NOW THAT HE'S GONE I'LL GET BARNEY TO BOOST ME UP!

NO! NO! I'M TELLIN' YA! THERE'S A MAN-EATIN' TIGER IN THAT TREE-OR SOMETHIN'!
AH! IT WAS ONLY A BEE! AN' I SAW HIM FLY OUT!

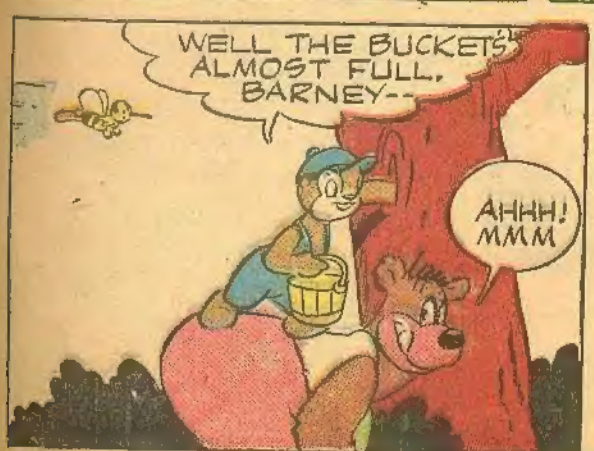
ER--YOU DID? ARE YOU SURE? I'D LIKE TO HAVE THAT HONEY-BUT ARE YOU SURE?
YES! I SAW HIM!

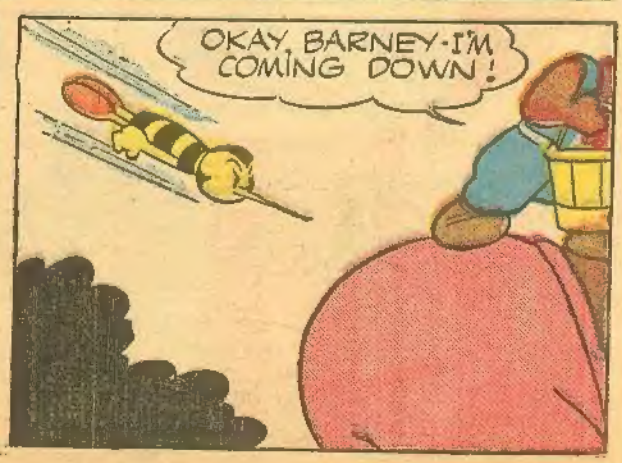
TAKE IT EASY NOW! YOU NEVER CAN TELL, Y'KNOW!

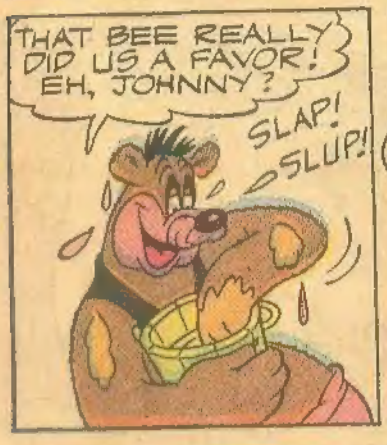
C'MON, THE COAST IS CLEAR!

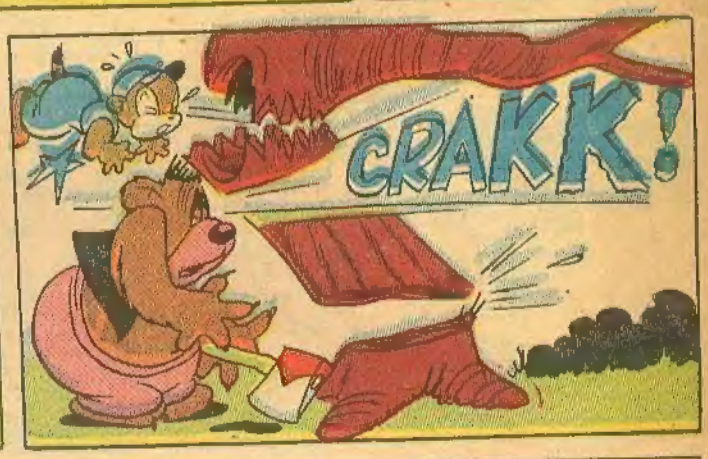

OKAY, BARNEY NOW HAND UP THE BUCKET!

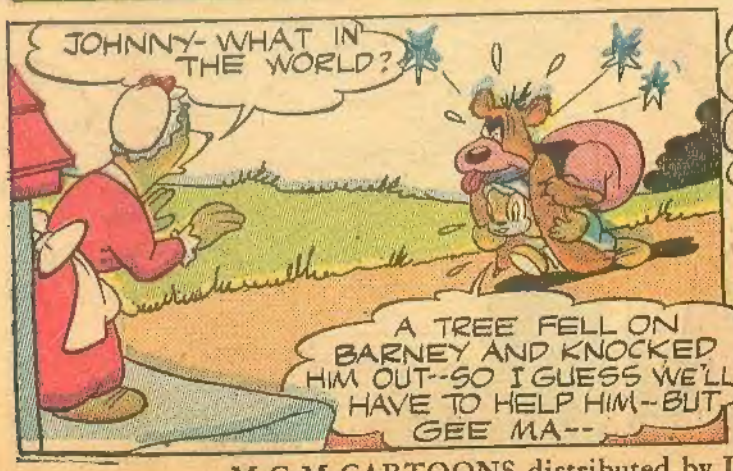
WHA--? WELL! WILL YA LOOK AT THAT LITTLE SISSY! HE GOT HIS BIG BROTHER TO HELP HIM!


WELL THE BUCKET'S ALMOST FULL, BARNEY--
AHHH! MMM


OKAY, BARNEY-I'M COMING DOWN!







M-G-M CARTOONS distributed by Loew's Incorporated

Copr., 1946, by Oskar Lebeck

"Timothy, Timothy Tomcat, are you ready to go to the fair?" called Mrs. Hen.

"Just one little spot," said Timothy as he licked his paws, "and I'll be ready to go and take the first prize as the best-looking cat."

"Is everyone here?" Mrs. Hen asked Pansy Porker, who had all of the ribbons she had ever won hung about her neck.

"Everyone except Danny Donkey, and he won't come!" answered Pansy.

Mrs. Hen hurried over to Danny's stall. Danny's long ears hung down and he looked very sad.

"I don't want to go because everybody laughs at me," he explained to Mrs. Hen. "And besides, I never win a prize."

"Well then," said Mrs. Hen, "just come along for the fun and don't enter any contests."

Danny decided that that would be all right, so he trotted over and got onto the truck and off they went.

As soon as they got to the fair grounds, all the animals jumped from the truck. Pansy Porker hurried to the Champion Pig Contest. Mrs. Hen went to the Leghorn Building, and all the rest of the animals went to the Farm Animals Exhibit. All except Danny. He trotted off by himself.

"This is the first time I've had a chance to have fun at the fair," said Danny, "and I'm really going to enjoy myself."

He trotted along, pausing here and there, to look at the Ferris Wheel and the Loop the Loop and the Sky Ride. Then at last he came to the Merry-Go-Round.

"Ah," he said, when he saw the wooden horses, "I'll join those nice looking ponies." He just walked right past the ticket taker and on to the Merry-Go-Round.

Round and round and round he went. He grew dizzier and dizzier and dizzier. He became so dizzy he could hardly see. He was certainly grateful when the Merry-Go-Round stopped.

But then, when Danny got off, he could not walk. He just staggered. First he staggered to one side and then to the other. He staggered right into a big tent where a band was playing the nicest music.

Danny loved music and right away he thought, "If I can just get over to the band I will sit down and listen, and then I will be all right." But when he started to cross the floor his legs began to wobble again. And though he tried very hard Danny just could not walk like he should. He even spun around a couple of times, and when he did, he heard all kinds of applause and he could hear people shouting, "Bravo!"

The next thing Danny knew, a bright blue ribbon, bearing a silver medal, was hung about his neck.

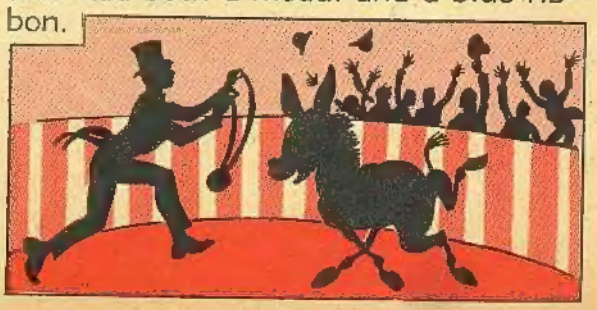
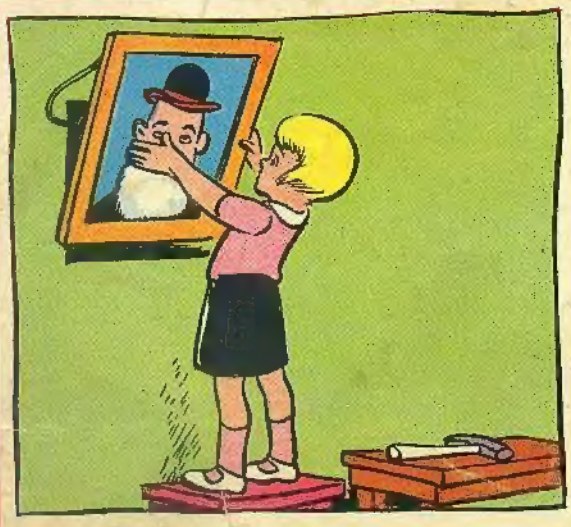
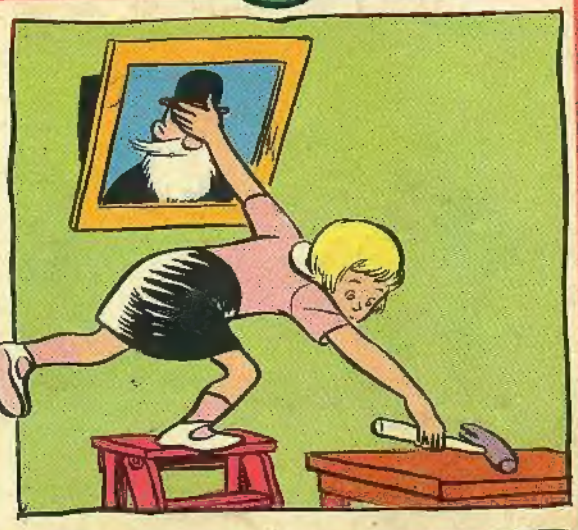
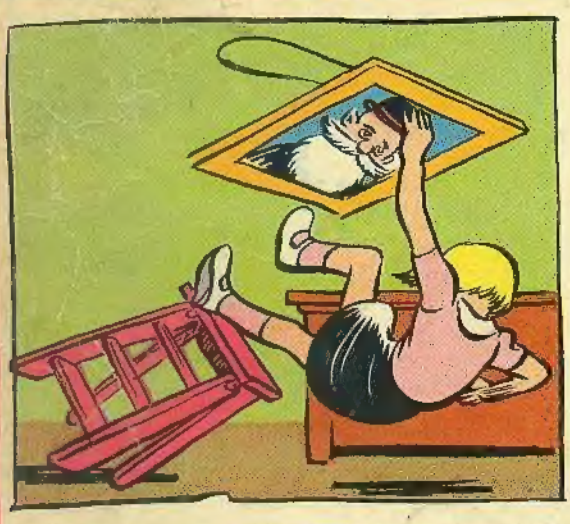
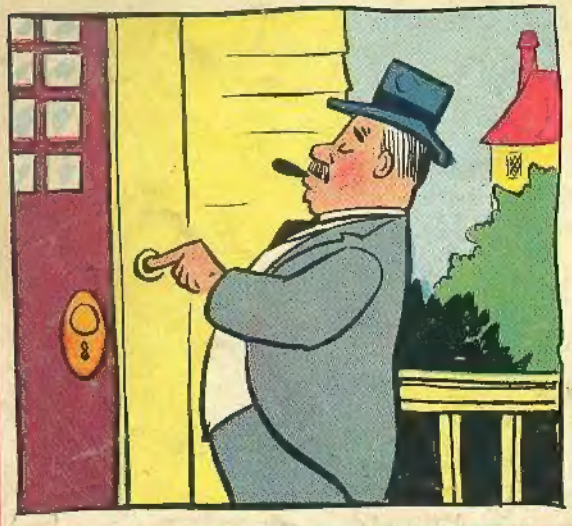
"There," said the judge. "And congratulations on winning the Donkey Dance Contest. You are now the Grand International Hee-Haw Hula Champion of the World."

"Imagine that," thought Danny. "I didn't even know I was in a contest. I must be a very fine dancer."

He hurried off to show his friends his very fine award.

"My goodness," they all said, when they saw Danny's medal. "What do you think of that!"

"I'm going to come to the fair again next year," said Danny, who felt quite pleased because he was the only one who had both a medal and a blue ribbon.



Our Gang